

The Sketch

No. 1163.—Vol. XC.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

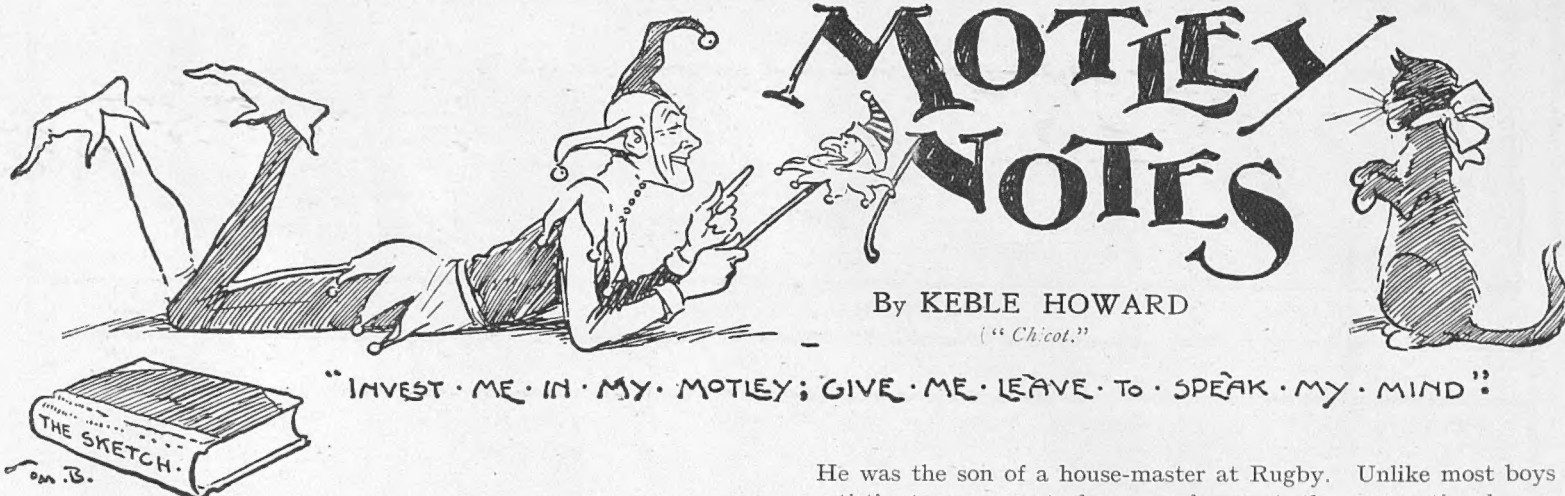


SAVED FROM THE "LUSITANIA": MISS RITA JOLIVET, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS.

Among the survivors of the "Lusitania," which was sunk in such dastardly fashion by a torpedo from a German submarine, is Miss Rita Jolivet, the well-known actress, who was a first-class passenger aboard the ill-fated liner. Miss Jolivet (who, of course, is very familiar to London playgoers) has acted a good deal in the United States. She was there, for example, in 1912, when she was playing the part of Hajj's daughter in "Kismet," the rôle created in London by Miss Lily Brayton. At least two

theatrical celebrities went down with the ship—Mr. Charles Frohman, the famous manager, and Mr. Charles Klein, who adapted the great success, "Potash and Perlmutter," for the English stage. Miss Ellen Terry was to have sailed on the "Lusitania," but changed her mind and transferred her booking to the "New York" after receiving a letter of warning from Miss Edith Craig, her daughter, who feared from the first that the Germans would carry out their threat to sink the "Lusitania."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



The Poet-Martyr. I was walking up Regent Street with a friend. Suddenly he said—apropos of nothing that I can remember: “Do you know the poems of Rupert Brooke?”

“I don’t think so,” I replied.

“Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself.”

“I am. Tell me about him. Who is he?”

“He’s dead. He went out to the Dardanelles on active service, and died there of sunstroke.”

“Was he a real poet?”

“In my opinion, one of the very few real poets we have ever had.”

“Then he should have been looked after. A real poet is a precious thing. Why was he allowed to go at all?”

“He would go. He was only twenty-seven, and, as far as I know, unmarried. And he was an athlete. I suppose the call was irresistible.”

“Perhaps it was destiny.”

“He seems to have thought that himself. One of the finest things he ever wrote was a poem in which he seemed to expect death.”

“What a pity!”

“Yes, a thundering pity. . . . Hullo! There’s my ‘bus!”

And so he rolled away, and the world of London rolled by, and the soul of the poet hovered over the England he so passionately adored.

“The Old Vicarage.” Of course, as always happens, directly I had heard of Rupert Brooke, I came across his name everywhere. His poems had been—I don’t know why—published somewhat obscurely. By dying a hero’s death—one might say, without exaggeration, a martyr’s death—he has achieved fame, for what that is worth, and, maybe, immortality.

He lived at Grantchester, near Cambridge, this boy-don-poet, and here are some little extracts from his poem, “The Old Vicarage, Grantchester”—

“Oh! There the chestnuts, summer through,
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
Deeply above; and green and deep
The stream mysteriously glides beneath,
Green as a dream and deep as death. . . .”

“Ah, God! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester!
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
Unforgettable, forgotten
River smell, and hear the breeze
Sobbing in the little trees. . . .”

“. . . And after, ere the night is born,
Do hares come out about the corn?
Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
Gentle and brown, above the pool?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill?”

Was It Better? “What a tragedy!” you will exclaim. And yet, when I read the details of his short career, I wonder whether Rupert Brooke had not had the best out of life?

He was the son of a house-master at Rugby. Unlike most boys of artistic temperament, he was clever at the conventional games, cricket and football. What that means to a schoolboy, only those who have been schoolboys and did not excel at the officially prescribed games know. Rupert Brooke played cricket and football for Rugby, and added to his glory as an athlete by winning the poetry prize. His career at Cambridge may be summed up in the simple statement that he became a Fellow of King’s.

Roses, you see, roses all the way. But suppose he had been tempted to leave his beloved Grantchester and his adoring Cambridge? Suppose growing glory had tempted him out into the big, little, sordid old world? Would the roses have bloomed as freshly? Would the deep, green river have smelt as thrilling-sweet? Would there have been the same unsullied delight in the immortal river laughing under the mill, under the mill?

That, I think, is the way to look at it. He lived a poet and he died a poet. For ourselves, we mourn bitterly our loss. For him, we rejoice that the big, little, sordid old world can never squeeze that poetic soul between its bony fingers.

A Corner of the Empire.

From British East Africa comes the letter of a Britisher who is helping to keep the flag flying without much chance or hope of glory. How some of the passages in his letter passed the Censor I can’t imagine. However, they are quite safe in these discreet hands. For the rest, here is an extract which may amuse some of the boys in France or Flanders—

“I remember one very funny incident that occurred at the beginning of the Boer War. A whole crowd of the German contingent got off at Mombasa and came into one of the bars there. There were three Englishmen there, one of them light-weight champion of India, and another a tremendous man of fifteen or sixteen stone who had been quite a bit of a puncher in his day.

“A few of the German crowd started insulting the Britishers and, of course, got punched. Then all joined in to knock the three Britishers about. Unfortunately for them, this noble two dozen had never learned the art of self-defence, and the consequence was that in less than half a minute about half their number were creeping under the bar and lounges for safety, holding their broken jaws, blacked eyes, and bloody noses. The rest were streaming down the road with their topees flying off and their eye-glasses flying behind them. An onlooker told me he had never laughed so much in his life. It was three to a couple of dozen—about the proportion,” concludes my correspondent, “of French’s ‘contemptible little Army.’”

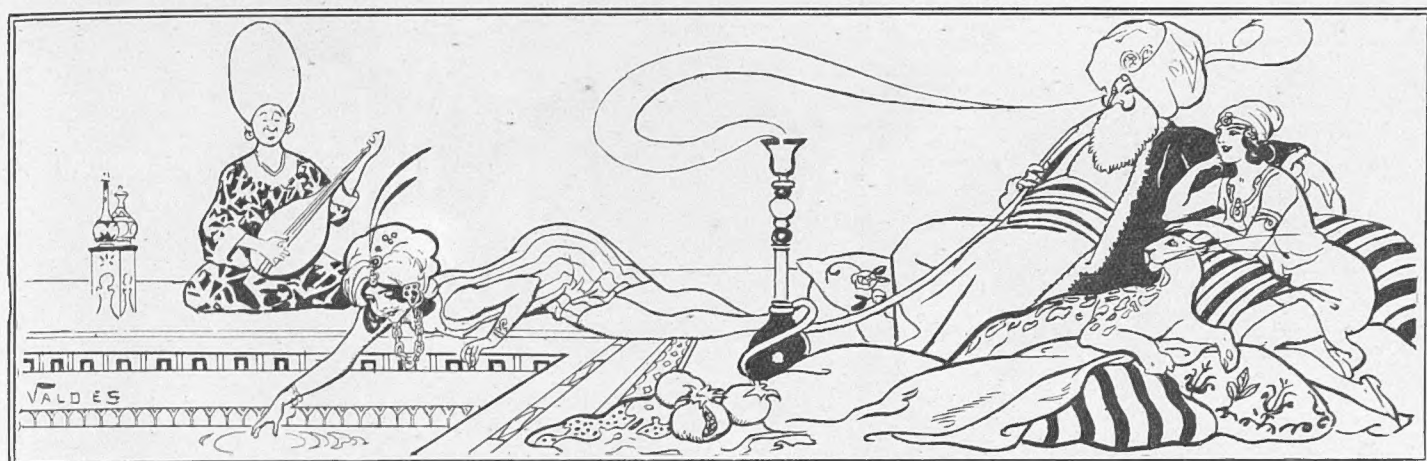
Good News.

Whilst I am quoting from this cheery letter, I may as well give you, friend the reader, a piece of news which you will find far more interesting than any of my comments on men and things. It comes, remember, from one of the remote corners of our Empire. It is very brief, quite without ornament, but it breathes a splendid confidence which should put to shame some of the Spring Pessimists at home—

“We have managed to keep our end up out here. Why on earth the Germans did not push in here during August or September, I cannot think. However, they missed their chance, and will not get it again.”

Well done, British East Africans all! May we meet when you come to London to receive your laurels!

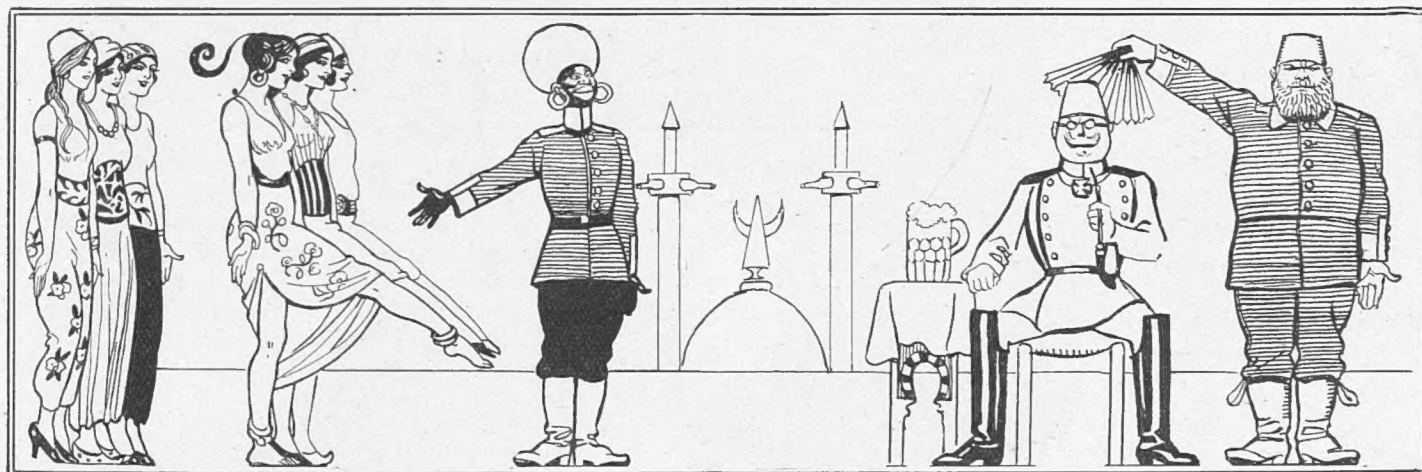
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: THE TURKISH HAREM—FOUR PERIODS.



LANGUOROUS: THE HAREM UNDER THE OLD TURK.



VIGOROUS: THE HAREM UNDER THE YOUNG TURK.



THE GOOSE-STEP: THE HAREM UNDER "KULTUR."



THE FUTURE: THE HAREM PREPARING FOR THE ALLIES.

We continue, with the Sketches given above, our series of Drawings by the eminent French artist, Valdés. A page by him will be published each week, for, at all events, some time to come.

THE SINKING OF THE "LUSITANIA": WELL-KNOWN PASSENGERS.



LADY ALLAN, WIFE OF SIR HUGH M. ALLAN, OF CANADA (SAVED).



MR. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT, AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE AND WHIP (MISSING).



MR. D. A. THOMAS, THE WELL-KNOWN COAL-OWNER AND EX-M.P. (SAVED).



MR. CHARLES FROHMAN, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN THEATRICAL MANAGER (LOST).



CAPTAIN W. T. TURNER, IN COMMAND OF THE "LUSITANIA" (SAVED).



COMMANDER J. FOSTER STACKHOUSE, THE ANTARCTIC EXPLORER (MISSING).



SIR HUGH LANE, THE ART EXPERT WHO CABLED THE £10,000 OFFER FOR A SARGENT (MISSING).



LADY MACKWORTH, DAUGHTER OF MR. D. A. THOMAS, THE WELSH COAL-OWNER (SAVED).

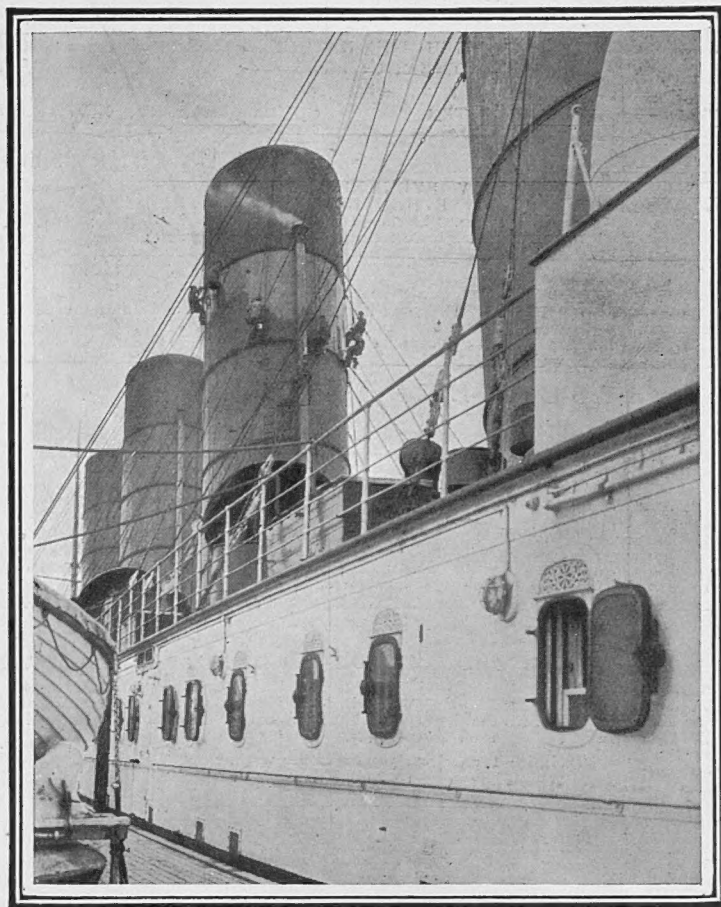
Lady Allan, one of those saved from the "Lusitania," is the wife of Sir Hugh Montagu Allan, President of the Merchants' Bank of Canada, and Director of many other commercial enterprises. Before her marriage, which took place in 1893, she was known as Miss Marguerite Ethel Mackenzie, and she is the daughter of the late Hector Mackenzie, of Montreal. She has a son and three daughters.—Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, whose name is amongst the missing, was known as an exceedingly wealthy young American, and, to people in this country, chiefly for his doings as a whip, in which capacity he ran a London-Brighton coach, and was a competitor at the Olympia Horse Shows. He was born on Oct. 20, 1877, second son of Cornelius Vanderbilt. Mr. Vanderbilt was married twice. His sister is Duchess of Marlborough. The founder of the family riches began as a waterman.—Mr. D. A. Thomas, who was saved, is the well-known coal-owner, Managing-Director of the Cambrian Coal Combine and other collieries in South Wales. He was born in March 1856. At Cambridge, he won a medal for long-distance running, rowed in the college boat, was in the college fifteen, and was the light-weight boxing champion of the University. He has the Royal Humane Society's medal. He was called to the Bar, but has never practised. In 1882

he married Sybil Margaret, daughter of George Augustus Haig, of Radnorshire. He has been M.P. (L.) for Merthyr Burghs and for Cardiff. His daughter, Lady Mackworth, went down with the "Lusitania," but was saved.—Mr. Charles Frohman, who is among the missing, was famous as a theatrical manager who presented many pieces here—including Sir James Barrie's "Rosy Rapture," now being given at the Duke of York's. He was born in Ohio, on June 12, 1860.—Captain William Thomas Turner, in command of the "Lusitania," who was picked up, had taken the place of Captain Dow temporarily. He began as a deck boy. He was born at Liverpool, in 1856. His record is splendid. He is an Honorary Commander in the Royal Naval Reserve, and has the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving life, and the Transport medal.—Commander J. Foster Stackhouse, F.R.G.S., who is among the missing, organised the British Antarctic Expedition, 1914, to determine the coast-line of King Edward VII. Land.—Sir Hugh Lane, who is among the missing, was Hon. Director of the Municipal Art Gallery, Dublin. He cabled the offer of £10,000 for a portrait to be painted by Sargent to the Red Cross Sale.—Lady Mackworth was rescued in an unconscious condition after some three hours' immersion in the sea.

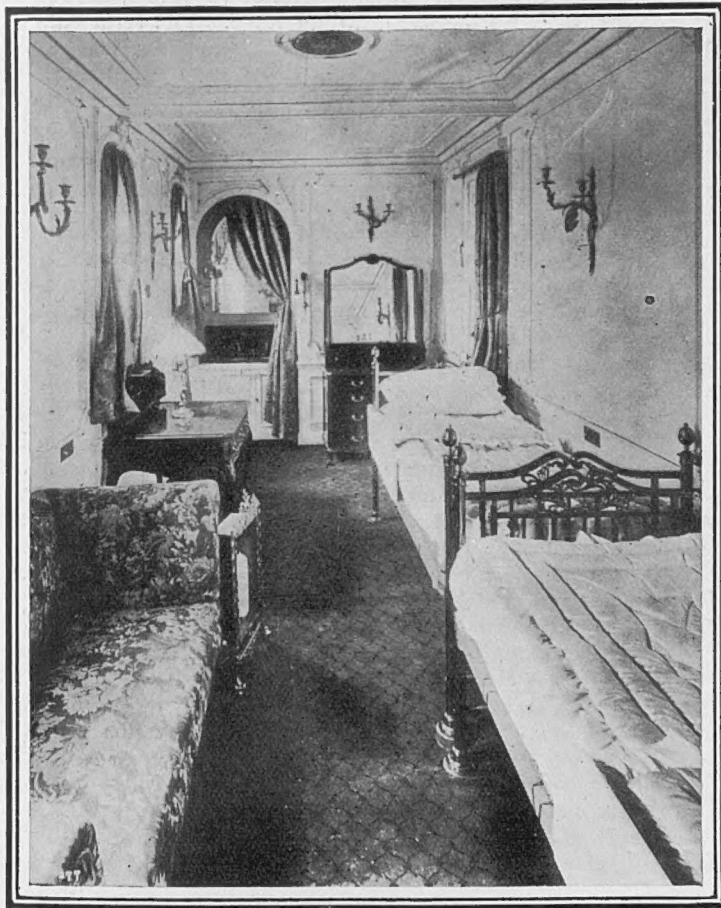
GERMANY'S WORST PIRACY: ABOARD THE "LUSITANIA."



BEFORE MUCH OF HER, INCLUDING HER FUNNELS, WAS PAINTED WAR-GREY IN THE EARLIEST STAGES OF THE WAR: THE "LUSITANIA"—A VIEW OF THE BOAT DECK.



SEEKING TO ELUDE GERMAN CRUISERS: CHANGING THE COLOUR OF THE "LUSITANIA'S" RED FUNNELS AT SEA BY PAINTING THEM WAR-GREY, AFTER LEAVING NEW YORK LAST AUGUST.



PROOF OF THE LUXURIOUS WAY IN WHICH THE LOST LINER WAS FITTED: A BEDROOM IN THE ROYAL SUITE OF THE PALATIAL "LUSITANIA."



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The "Lusitania's" speed was twenty-five knots. The initial cost of the ship was about £1,250,000. The cost of running to New York and back was about £20,000. An American citizen who is one of the survivors has said that the liner was torpedoed while the saloon passengers were at lunch, and he believed, in consequence, that the proportion of those passengers saved was very small. A great part of the "Lusitania," including her funnels and the bridge and fittings, was painted war-grey at sea, two days after war had been declared, while the ship was on a voyage from New York to Liverpool.—[Photographs by G.P.U., Topical, and Photopress.]

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MYSTERIES: A WOMAN AMONG PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.*

Hidden from Man. All women are mysteries; and, when they are primitive, Juju alone knows how mysterious. Even Mrs. Amaury Talbot could not affirm that everything is known to her, though she has studied moderns of her sex who dwell many years behind the times (or, perhaps we should say, the period as we Europeans realise it), has lived and questioned amongst the Ibibios, who are to-day as their fellows were when Greece and Rome lay in the womb of time. That is not to say, however, that the book under discussion is not of the greatest value: quite the contrary. Mrs. Amaury Talbot was able to find out much that is hidden from man, black or white, traversing a part of the vast field for research, much of it yet untrodden by the stranger, which lies open to woman, but is to her "lord and master" hopelessly barred. Especially interesting are her investigations of the exclusively feminine societies of the Ibibios, "Ebere" and "Iban Isong."

Juju and Tabu. The Juju—the word is said to be taken from the French "joujou," applied to the fetish images seen everywhere by early traders and by them dubbed "dolls"—is the dominating force in the lives of such people as those under discussion, and its power "includes all uncomprehended, mysterious forces of nature." The Ibibio child—we deal with the girl child particularly, but the man child ranks with his sister in certain of the matters—comes under Jujudom before birth, for there are jujus which abolish the curse of barrenness. The Juju is in everything, and so every thing is definitely good or bad. An Ibibio about to become a mother meets many tabu. She must not eat certain foods; she may not step over a line of ants crossing a path, lest her baby be born with a bald line round her head—resembling the "ant road"; throughout all her days she must not partake of a double yam or double plantain, lest she bear twins, 'the dread of which misfortune looms so large as to darken the existence of Ibibio women'—to bear twins is "unnatural," and calls for twelve moons of "purification" in a town set apart for mothers of twins.

"Affinities"; and Fattening. When the child begins to creep there is more worry for the mothers "to whom no sign has as yet been vouchsafed as to the identity of the soul which has entered their babes. For should the child be possessed by an 'affinity,' either animal or vegetable, the fact begins to manifest itself during the crawling stage. The term 'affinity' is in use among educated natives throughout the West Coast to express the mysterious link believed to exist between human beings and the plant or animal into which they are thought, under certain conditions, to have the power to send forth their souls." But the first great event in the Ibibio girl's life is her entry into the Fattening House at a time of the "Coming of Small Breasts." This is a room set apart in the parents' house, and there, in seclusion, the girl is (almost in the poultry sense) "crammed." Before that she has been led to a sacred pool and a sacrifice has been offered to the indwelling naiad. So she is prepared for wedding. And, if her parents be rich enough, she may go twice, or even thrice, to the Fattening. She emerges comely in the eyes of the men—yet "swollen specimens of femininity" . . . "only an overweening vanity and bloated self-importance."

Love-Philtres; and Other Matters. Various are the customs to ensure the bearing of babes. For example, at the new yam festival, all the women of Mkpokk go in procession at dawn. "Naked as the breeze," they pass to bathe in a sacred pool. Then all men must keep indoors. "The eldest of the band, low bending, presents a sacrifice of corn and fish, symbolising fertility on earth and beneath the waters. . . . Great pythons are thought to guard the dwelling-place of the deity—a little hut overlooking the stream." And there are love-philtres. "A deputation of chiefs," writes Mrs. Amaury Talbot, "came to lay a case of some interest before my husband. The head wife of one of them had accused a fellow-wife of attempting to administer a 'love potion' to their common lord, the effect of which would be to draw his affection from all others to the giver alone." After that it is easy to believe that there are more witches than wizards in Ibibioland, and that many witchcraft rites are practised by jealous fellow-wives. Family troubles are not likely to be small when a chief can produce ninety sons to salute a Chief Commissioner, and others boast families of ninety-nine sons and daughters, and sixty wives and ninety-five children! No wonder, too, that the women have their secret societies—associations which strike a note "midway between Freemasonry and Trade Unionism, and form the only safeguard of Ibibio women against the tyranny of their men-folk."—Of such, and very much more that is vital, is Mrs. Amaury Talbot's book: none interested in curious customs, in ethnology, should fail to read it.

* "Woman's Mysteries of a Primitive People: The Ibibios of Southern Nigeria." By D. Amaury Talbot. Illustrated. (Cassell; 10s. 6d. net.)

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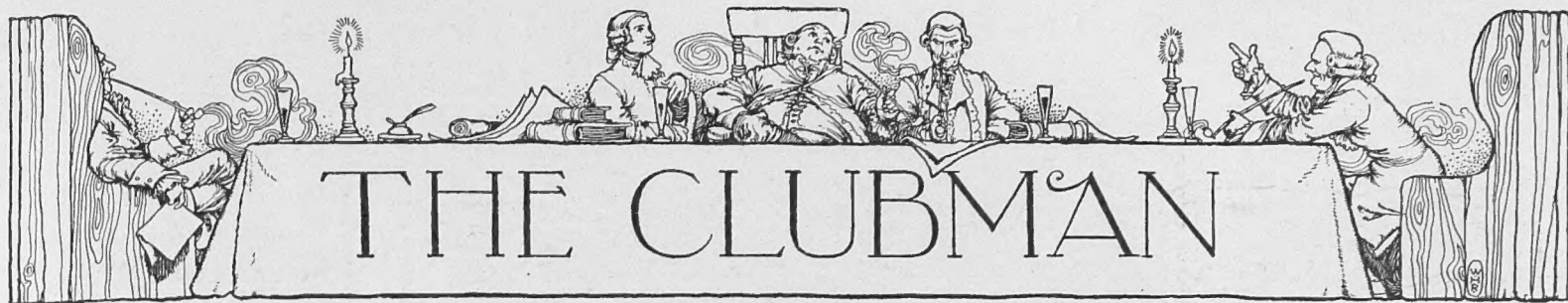
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"THE PROMISED LAND OF PADDY'S DREAMS": ENGLAND'S HOLIDAY OPPORTUNITIES.

"Tipperary." No doubt somebody hereafter, when we have time to think of the little things of the war, will discover how it was that "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" became the marching song of the British in the present war. I believe it was the men of the Yorkshire and Lancashire regiments who first introduced the song to the favourable notice of their brother-soldiers in every regiment, and that Blackpool was the city where the men of the northern counties heard and liked the song.

M. Bourgeois on the Song. Frenchmen see a good deal more in national songs than we British do, and it was curious to note that the great French statesman, M. Leon Bourgeois, speaking to the Irish National Delegation at the banquet in Paris given them by the Committee for Foreign Affairs, said that he saw in Tipperary "the promised land of Paddy's dreams where he was to find peace and happiness." I think that, if any of us British have thought at all concerning the words of the song, we have only found in them the Irishman's love for a pretty girl.

After the War. I was dining out the other evening, and our hostess, when the conversation had run into its usual channel—a discussion of the war and talk concerning the casualty lists—declared that for one evening at least we must leave these sorrowful subjects alone, and that we should talk about all the things we intended to do after the war.

Russia for Travel. A Russian who sat on the right hand of our hostess declared that one of the results of the present war would be that Englishmen and English ladies, instead of travelling for pleasure in Germany and Austria, would go yet further afield and would travel in Russia. With memories of the difficulties that

are made for travellers when they cross the Russian frontier, I asked this Russian gentleman whether he thought that Russia, after the war, would in any way resemble the Russia of before the war. He was quite certain that all the restrictions that have made entry into Russia a thing of difficulty will have disappeared, along with Nihilism when peace is declared again, and that the Russia of after the war will be a free country with a democratic Government, headed by a Tsar who will go down to posterity with the title of "The Reformer."

French Cure Places.

Then our conversation switched

one of these, declaring that the French doctors were at least the equal of the German doctors, that the French waters were just as strong and infinitely more varied than those of Austria and Germany, and that the only mistake the French municipalities have made is that they do not advertise their curing waters, whereas the Teutons have persistently advertised theirs.

English Cure Places.

Then I took up the cudgels on behalf of our English waters, and maintained that if we English took our cures seriously when we take them in our own country we should do ourselves as much good at Harrogate and Bath, Buxton and Strathpeffer, and the rest, as we do when we go to Germany or Austria—or, for that matter, to France. An Englishman, when he goes to a British spa, never leaves his business entirely behind him as he does when he crosses the Channel, nor does he diet himself with the same care that he is forced to use by the doctor's orders at any of the great foreign cure places.

The Opportunity of the British Spas.

The opportunity of the British spas has come this year. There are 30,000 British people who habitually go abroad to take a cure in the summer or the autumn, and this year those 30,000 perforce will drink the waters somewhere in Great Britain. If our watering-places this year can prove to the men and women who usually go abroad for their cures that our native cure towns can do as much for heart trouble or gout, rheumatism or liver complaints, as the foreign cure places do, our invalids will, I am sure, patriotically stay at home in the future and be cured instead of spending much money in travelling long distances in search of health.

Servia and Montenegro.

Our hostess pointed out to us that, if the presence of travelling Britons was to be the reward of such countries as are Great Britain's allies in this war, Servia and Montenegro should neither of them be neglected, and that those of us who have time to make long journeys ought certainly to go to Japan also and spend our money there. Japan, as most travellers know, has some of the most wonderful hot baths in the world, but so has our own Bath, in Somerset, and no man is likely to reach his bathing-place by the Tokaido when he can do so by the Great Bath Road. I have no doubt the customs of the Japanese villages of baths have changed materially since the days when I travelled in that country, for it was not unusual then to see a lady quite unclothed walking down the village street to the bathing-house.



PLAYING AN INSTRUMENT USED IN THE REVELS OF CLASSIC GREECE, AND TO BE HEARD IN LONDON: M. SACHA VOTICHENKO AND THE MODERN TYMPANUM. Originally used as a musical instrument of the tambourine and kettledrum type by the ancient Greeks in their quasi-religious revels at the festivals of Dionysus and Cybele, the tympanum is to make an appearance in London, in doubtless somewhat modernised form, before a musical audience at the Waldorf Hotel. M. Sacha Votichenko, a Russian artist, will appear with the tympanum. He has specialised with the instrument, and is seen here with it.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



STILL PLAYING THE GAME: "RANJI" IN LONDON ON LEAVE FROM THE FRONT.

"Ranji" (or, to give the world-famous batsman of Cambridge and Sussex his orthodox style since his accession as an Indian ruler, in 1907—H.H. Maharajah the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, governing a State of 350,000 people, and entitled to an 11-gun salute) is among the Indian Princes who have come to render personal service to the King-Emperor in the field. He has further provided a hospital for wounded soldiers, at Staines. We see him here in London, during a short spell of leave from the front.—[Photograph by Central Press.]

off as to what cure towns would take the places of Homburg and Baden-Baden, Nauheim, Carlsbad, and Marienbad; and the Russian enumerated for us a parallel French cure town for each

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



MR. TENNANT—FOR CALLING BRITISH OFFICERS "LIQUID"—DESPITE THE LIQUOR TAXES.

Mr. Tennant, the Under-Secretary for War, announced in the House recently that "by the terms of their engagement all officers are now 'liquid,' that is, they could be transferred from any part of the Army to any other part."—Mr. Willy Clarkson, the famous costumier, is appearing in cinematograph Shakespearean parodies produced by



MR. WILLY CLARKSON—FOR BEING THE "MOVING" SPIRIT OF THE MUDFORD AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY AND GIVING ROMEO AND JULIET A DRESSING-DOWN AND A GOOD WIGGING.



SIGNOR GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO—FOR TAKING THE ZODIACAL BULL BY THE HORNS.

Messrs. Cricks and Martin.—Gabriele d'Annunzio, the famous Italian poet, said (in allusion to Italian intervention) before the Garibaldian celebration at Genoa: "There we shall cast the die. What did not happen under the constellation of the Ram will happen under the sign of the Bull."

Photographs by Elliott and Fry, and Guigoni and Bossi.



MISS MARGARET PETERSON—FOR TURNING FROM NOVELIST TO HEROINE "JUST BECAUSE" OF THE WAR.

Miss Margaret Peterson, author of "The Lure of Little Drums" etc., has joined the French Red Cross, to act as nurse in a French hospital.—Mr. James Sant, the veteran painter of ninety-five, once more has a picture (called "A Memory") in the Academy, where he has exhibited since 1840. He bids fair to rival the longevity of Titian.—Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett is doing splendid descriptive work as Press correspondent



MR. JAMES SANT, R.A.—FOR SHOWING (AT THE ACADEMY) THAT A MAN IS NOT TOO OLD AT NINETY-FIVE.



MR. ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT—FOR BEING THE PROSE HOMER OF A WAR THAT PUTS AGAMEMNON IN THE SHADE.

with the British forces in the Dardanelles. His articles appear over his name in the "Daily Telegraph," and unsigned in other papers.—Mr. Jack Norworth, the well-known American actor, now playing as Lord Lil Languor in "Rosy Rapture," at the Duke of York's, has done much for the benefit of the British soldier by giving his services free at numerous war-concerts in London.

Photographs by Sarony, Weston, Elliott and Fry, and Foulsham and Banfield

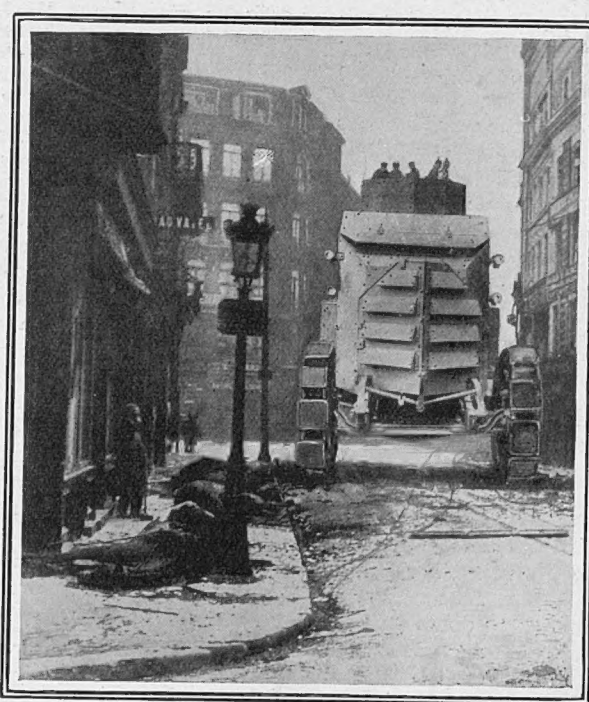


MR. JACK NORWORTH—FOR HIS "LORDLY" AND FAR FROM "LANGUOROUS" EFFORTS ON BEHALF OF THE LADS IN KHAKI.



"RAZOR" SMITH—FOR BEING AS KEEN AT THE BELT TRICK IN THE BRITAIN v. GERMANY MATCH AS HE IS AT THE HAT TRICK FOR SURREY.

Strudwick and "Razor" Smith, the well-known Surrey cricketers, are hard at work making war equipment at the cricket-bat factory of Messrs. Stuart-Surridge and Co. Though they have always refused to play cricket on Sundays, they are now putting in seven long days a week in their keenness to "deliver the goods."—Once again we



THE "KANSAS CITY STAR"—FOR SO TRUSTFULLY SACRIFICING ITSELF BENEATH THE CATERPILLAR-WHEELS OF OUR GERMAN JUGGERNAUT, BY TAKING THIS "FAKE" SERIOUSLY.

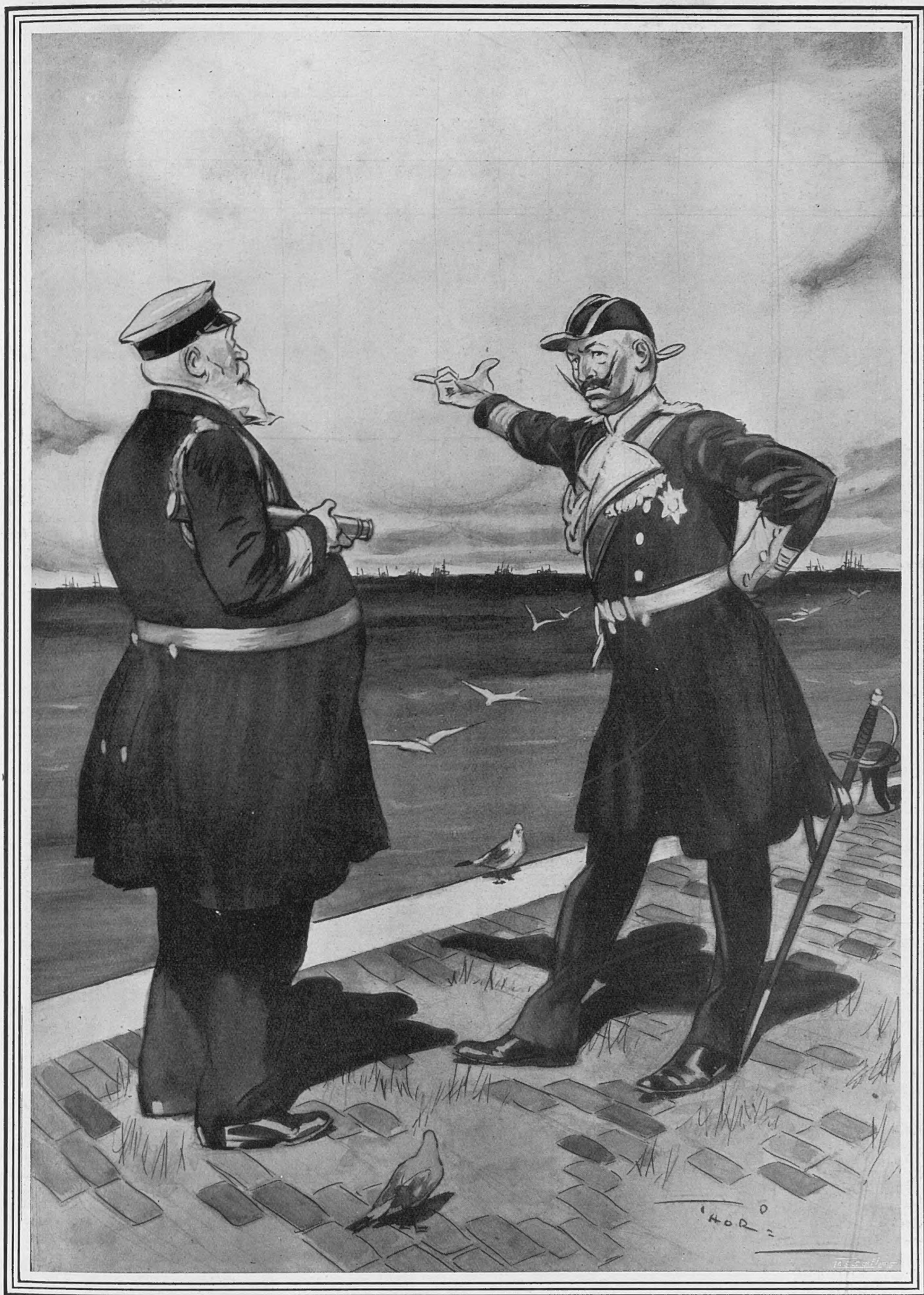
have to salute an American paper for falling a victim to our "April Fool" fakes. Last week we hatted the "Milwaukee Free Press" for accepting as "Gospel" the monster German howitzer of our own invention. Similarly, the "Kansas City Star" has reproduced, with corroborative detail, our German Juggernaut armoured-car.

Photographs by Sport and General.



H. J. STRUDWICK—FOR PUNCHING OUT LEATHER POUCHES FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE TEAM AS HANDILY AS HE PUNCHES OFF THE BAILS AND PUNISHES THE BOWLING.

A NEW TRAIN OF THOUGHT.



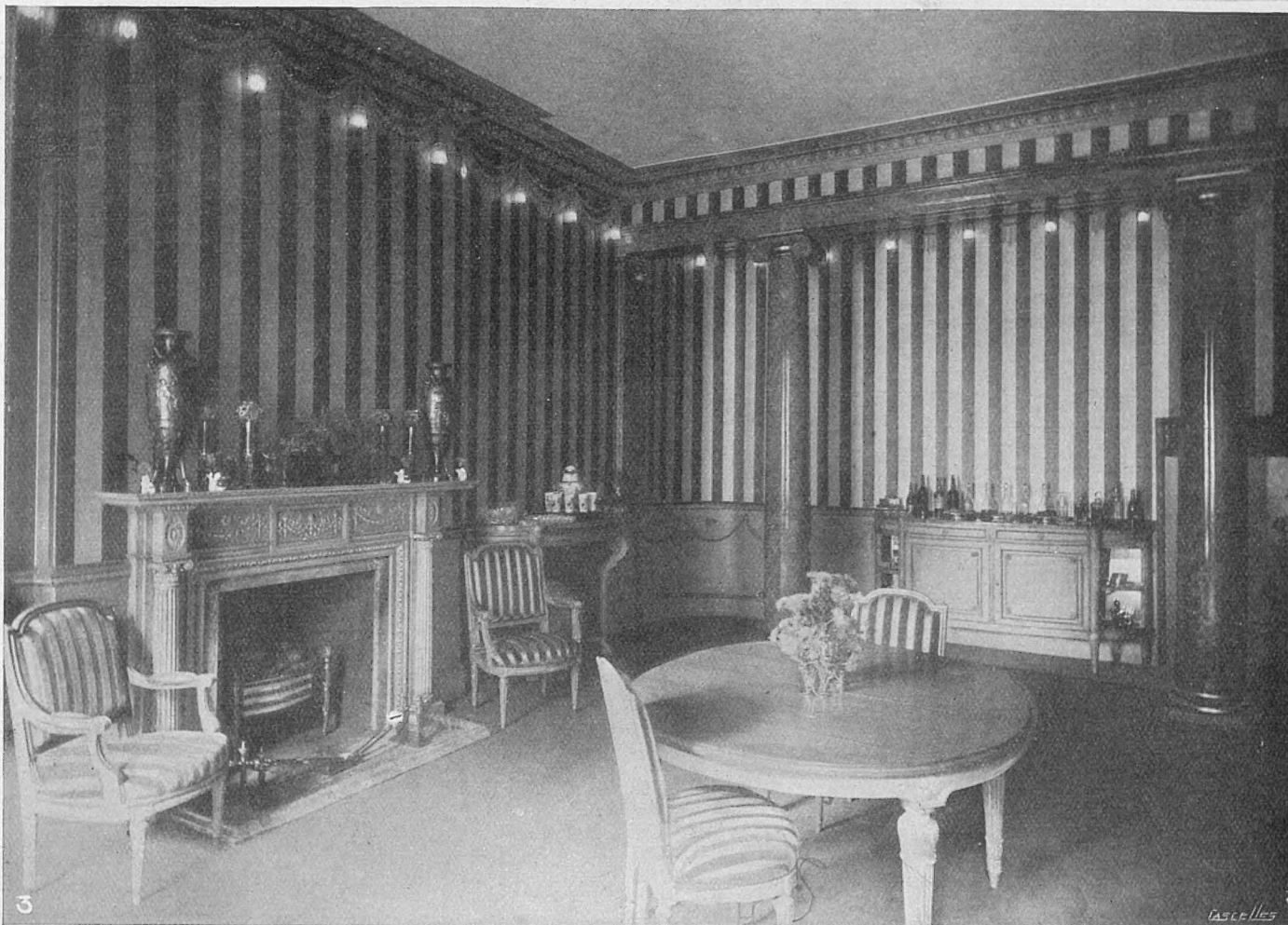
THE EXALTED PERSONAGE: Tirp., old man—you remember we sent some submarines overland to Zeebrugge?

TIRP.: Yes, Sir.

THE EXALTED PERSONAGE: Then what's the matter with sending the fleet by train to the Dardanelles?

DRAWN BY THORPE.

A REVUE QUEEN'S PALACE: MISS ETHEL LEVEY'S HOME.



1. A CORNER OF MISS ETHEL LEVEY'S DRAWING-ROOM.

2. IN THE JAPANESE ROOM, 40, GLOUCESTER PLACE.

3. MISS ETHEL LEVEY'S DINING-ROOM.

A queen alike of three arts—acting, singing, and dancing—Miss Ethel Levey has held her place in the hearts of London playgoers since, half-a-dozen years ago, she came, was seen, and conquered. Miss Levey, who has made one more big success as Stella

Sparkes, in "Watch Your Step," the new revue at the Empire, dancing delightfully in the Fox Trot and other numbers, has a charming home in Gloucester Place, of which we give some illustrations. The drawing-room is very pretty in the old French

[Continued opposite.

Photographs by H. M. King.

A REVUE QUEEN'S PALACE: MISS ETHEL LEVEY'S HOME.



1. THE DRAWING-ROOM, 40, GLOUCESTER PLACE, W.

2. THE BEDROOM OF MISS ETHEL LEVEY.

Continued.

fashion, the Empire furniture and decoration being in delightfully delicate shades of colour, and the glittering electroliers daintily shaded. The bedroom has walls panelled in silk, white furniture, and a fire-screen painted with romping Cupids; and the dining-room, with its boldly striped walls, pretty electric bulbs beneath the cornice,

its antique sideboard and pretty chairs, suggests graceful hospitality. The Japanese Room, with walls panelled like a huge screen, painted with flowers and butterflies and pretty fantasies of Spring in Japan, is delightful, and the whole house a beautiful resting-place for a Stella Sparkes when off duty.—[Photographs by H. N. King.]



MR. JOHN LAVERY.

"YON Lavery's just a woman's painter," objected a Glasgow Councillor when, long ago, it was proposed he should be given a commission for the Provost's portrait. Lavery probably got the commission: he always does. But there was some sort of justice in the objection. Circumstance has tended to lead him away from the society of Provosts, Professors, and Politicians, and to lead him into the society that most painters and all portrait-painters have preferred: Circumstance may here be used as another word for the fairness of women—their miraculous poses, their rose-bud complexions, the mystery of their hair, their furs, their silks—and for the instinct of self-preservation that makes them flock to Mr. Lavery that he may immortalise their youth. Circumstance, too, dealt unkindly with the Provosts, the Professors, and the Politicians in giving Mr. Lavery a wife and a daughter who offer a perpetual invitation to portraiture that is not masculine.

The Lavery Ladies.

These two sitters are, in consequence, among the most familiar figures in modern painting, though it is difficult to tell from the catalogues how often they have appeared in the galleries. Mr. Lavery favours the Parisian trick of impersonal titles, but instead of the "Mme. X." or "Mlle. A." of the old-time salon, he gives us a "Lady with the Sables," a "Lady with the Cherries," "The Little Equestrienne," "The Young Motor Queen," "The Amazon," "Spring," and so forth through a Burlington-Houseful, almost, of damsels with more or less likeness to the ladies who are the presiding geniuses of Mr. Lavery's art and tea parties.

Eileen Year by Year. Mrs. Lavery paints too, and in one of her husband's most delightful pieces of *plein air* she is shown at work with her brushes. "My Wife" is the name of the picture in Sir Hugh Lane's Dublin Gallery of Modern Art, and in the Luxembourg hangs the famous "Père et Fille," representing the painter and his daughter Eileen, aged six. She has grown up since then—grown up on canvas as well as in the life. At one stage she figures in "The First Communion," in another stands in a riding-habit on the beach at Tangier, and more recently has added her motor-veil to her father's regular studio properties.

Mr. Macnair's. Mr. Lavery was born in the same year as Mr. Bernard Shaw, but has failed to keep pace with his head-long countryman in the matter of growing old. He is rather younger to-day than during those cramped years he spent in the shop of Mr. J. B. Macnair, photographer, 11, West Nile Street, Glasgow. Then came Paris, white wine, friendship with "R. A. M. S." (Stevenson's cousin) and other cheerful brethren of the brush, summers spent in the hamlet of Grès, and occasional sales, such as that of "The Bridge"—"for which a friend of mine, wishing to help me," says the artist, "gave me thirty pounds." It was bought afterwards for Pittsburg for fifteen hundred dollars.

Rolled Gold.

At the age of three Lavery had been left an orphan; went from Ireland to Scotland for his education, at the expense of an interested uncle; ran away, got into a railway office at twenty pounds a year, tried to enlist before

he was of proper age, and again found himself in Glasgow "entirely destitute," as one biographer puts it, "but for a bank-note for a thousand pounds, which he had placed among his cigarette-papers on leaving his old home. This, when he chanced on it late one night standing on a bridge, with that contempt of earthly wealth which marks the artist as a man apart from all the world, he cast into the Clyde." Such is the irresponsible vein that Mr. Lavery inspires in the journalist he takes to his bosom.

At Home.

PAINTER OF A MUCH-TALKED-OF ACADEMY WAR-PICTURE: MR. JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.

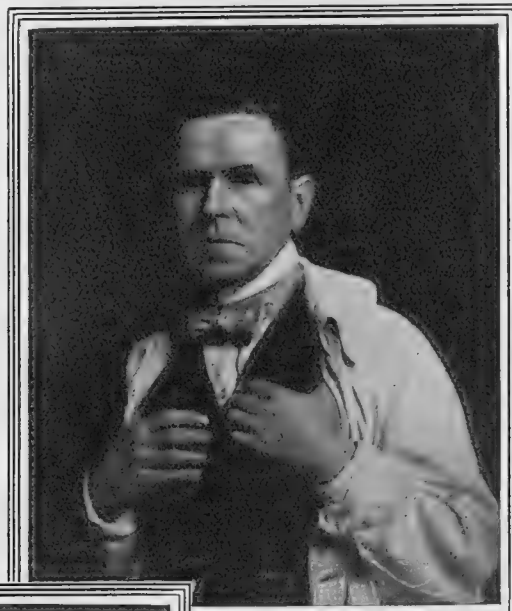
Mr. John Lavery's Academy picture, "Wounded: London Hospital, 1915," is one of the successes of the year. Mr. Lavery was born in Belfast in 1857. Examples of his work hang in many public galleries, both in the Old World and the New. Among his best-known earlier canvases are: "The Tennis Party" (hung in the Munich Pinakothek), "Mother and Son," "White Feathers," and "A Lady in Black"; of his later works: "La Mort du Cygne—Anna Pavlova."

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

Art; a journalist or two, a picture-dealer, some Glasgow painters up for a week in town; a couple flirting in the dark, children playing on the floor—and at his Whistler palette-table, his back turned to a mirror, and with his patient seated on a throne, Lavery paints away." That, in the words of Mr. Cunningham-Graham, is the atmosphere in which this man of peaceful browns and greys does his work. "Yon Lavery's just a woman's painter," said the Councillor, with some shrewdness. No Proctor jumps to the mind's eye when we pass his pictures in review. We turn the corner of Gallery II. and behold in the next room the picture of the year. It is mostly of wounded soldiers.

The New Thing.

"Don't be solemn about Committee meetings. Tell me something amusing, as one Irishman should to another," Whistler, the President, used to say to Lavery, the Vice-President of the International Society. Many people go to him for something amusing, or pretty. But here, in war time, he has managed to paint one of the few pictures that bring home to one with any vividness the state of war. A nurse, it is true, is in command on this latest canvas. But she does not exist for herself: she exists for the young man whose wound she dresses. Her hands are cased in india-rubber, her head is bent away from the artist; her charm makes no challenge. Mr. Lavery may have had his doubts about the importance of his Provost; he has no doubts about the importance of the wounded.



WIFE OF A FAMOUS ARTIST, AND ARTIST HERSELF: MRS. JOHN LAVERY.

Mrs. John Lavery is herself an artist of ability. A charming example of her work—a portrait of herself—was given in "The Sketch" of May 15, 1912. She was the sitter for one of her husband's Academy pictures of that year, "The Silver Turban."—[Photograph by Hoppe.]

THE WIDE SKIRT IS IN: THE NEW FASHION.



1. THE OLD AND THE NEW: THE NARROW SKIRT WHICH IS NOW OUT AND THE WIDE SKIRT WHICH IS NOW IN.

2. A STAGE FAVOURITE IN THE NEW WIDE SKIRT: MISS ELSIE JANIS.

3. EN PROFILE: MISS ELSIE JANIS IN THE NEW WIDE SKIRT.

If it were not overbold to twist Shakespeare to the service of Fashion, it might be said that "If ladies be but young and fair"—it matters little what they wear. Our pictures on this page might almost justify the audacity. Photograph No. 1 shows two styles of costume, one with tight skirt, smart, almost sporting, with a suggestion of mannishness; the other, ample-skirted, the hat almost Dolly Vardenish, the general

effect rather of the Early Victorian or Empress Eugénie period. Photographs Nos. 2 and 3 show that delightful actress, Miss Elsie Janis in a quaintly fascinating costume of the new style, a full-skirted gown, with a deep flounce—the very last note; and the effect as the wearer stands in the Italian garden of her beautiful old-world home proves that ladies can wear what they please, if they "be but young and fair."

Photograph No. 1, by Albert Wyndham; Nos. 2 and 3, by C.N.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

WHEN a Peer's son first engages himself to an actress his difficulties begin at home.

He makes his announcement to his parents by letter, and is allowed to take the lady to tea in his mother's drawing-room a week or two later. No public rejoicing is customary. Engage a Peer's daughter to an actor and, it seems, the case is different. Priscilla, Lady Annesley, at any rate, established a charming precedent after the betrothal of her daughter and Mr. Miles Malleeson. Instead of the usual "hushing-up" tea-party, she marked her approval by appearing, a few days before the wedding, with her prospective son-in-law in the most appropriate of all places—a theatre.



MR. MILES MALLEESON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LADY CONSTANCE ANNESLEY WAS FIXED FOR MAY 7.

Mr. Miles Malleeson is the author of "The Man of Ideas" and "The Little White Thought," and is the only son of the late Edmund Taylor Malleeson. Lady Constance Annesley is a daughter of Hugh, fifth Earl Annesley, and Priscilla, Countess Annesley.

Photograph by Swaine.

not with Rosy Rapture, as she drove round and about in her black-and-white motor; Sir Arthur Pinero, always graver than a Judge, raised his eyebrows at the vision, and passed on; the Lord Chief Justice, always gayer than a Judge, turned to look after her. It is the legal mood of the moment to be interested in the drama and its asides. Lord Reading, especially, is keen; and has a sister, Mrs. Francis Keyser (connected with the adaptation of "The Right to Kill"), who is keener still. Would her play, and its much argument, convince the "L.C.J." in his official capacity?—The Tree first-night was a wonderful boon to those heads of the people who are weary of charity matinées and a little shy of gathering in force for a new revue.



WIFE OF AN A.D.C. TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA: THE VISCOUNTESS ERRINGTON.

Lady Errington, whose husband has been appointed an A.D.C. to Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, is herself a daughter of a former Governor-General, having been Lady Ruby Elliot, daughter of the late Earl of Minto.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

The Park has been dotted with interesting people during the week's premature burst of summer. On Sunday Gaby Deslys was very much admired, whether identified or

not with Rosy Rapture, as she drove round and about in her black-and-white motor; Sir Arthur Pinero, always graver than a Judge, raised his eyebrows at the vision, and passed on; the Lord Chief Justice, always gayer than a Judge, turned to look after her. It is the legal mood of the moment to be interested in the drama and its asides. Lord Reading, especially, is keen; and has a sister, Mrs. Francis Keyser (connected with the adaptation of "The Right to Kill"), who is keener still. Would her play, and its much argument, convince the "L.C.J." in his official capacity?—The Tree first-night was a wonderful boon to those heads of the people who are weary of charity matinées and a little shy of gathering in force for a new revue.

A melodrama provides a suitable and perfectly respectable occasion, and even if the Chancellor of the Exchequer beamed all through the piece as if unaware of the grave nature of "The Right to Kill," he had, we may be sure, weighed the propriety of attending before arranging to meet the Lord Chief Justice at His Majesty's. The Duke and Duchess of Rutland were there with their daughters, who may, perhaps, have sighed for the greater liveliness of "Watch Your Step" during certain tedious periods of the performance. But

at the Empire they would not have been supported by both the Duchess and the Duke. People go to the revues, but not with the first-night unanimity that made the house more interesting than the stage for the initial performance at His Majesty's.



MARRIED TO CAPTAIN CECIL M. WILLS: MISS GLADYS HUGHES.

Miss Hughes, whose marriage to Captain Cecil M. Wills, 2nd Wessex Field Co., R.E., took place last week, lived at 11, Queen's Road, Weston-super-Mare. Captain Wills is the third son of Mr. W. Melville Wills, of Bracken Hill, Leigh Woods, near Bristol.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON: LADY MURIEL BECKWITH, WITH HER YOUNGEST CHILD.

Lady Muriel Beckwith is the daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon by his second marriage, and is the wife of Captain William Malbisse Beckwith, formerly of the Coldstream Guards, to whom she was married in 1904.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

self. For years Nos. 13 and 14 had the appearance of double-locked security, and even the detectives on guard looked as if they were quite securely shut out. That was when the Pierpont Morgan treasures were inside, and when Lord Kitchener lived near by in order, it was said, that his precious blue-and-white might be housed in the protected zone. Now the Pierpont Morgan establishment is given up—rent free for a year—to nurses, patients, and—new-born infants! The treasures and the War Lord are gone.

"Levey-ty." The Grand Duke Michael, Countess Torby, and

their two daughters were, apart from truant actors and actresses, the most noticeable people at the first-night of the new Empire revue. Lady Curzon, looking very beautiful (as is expected of her), was there too; but the significant thing was the presence of the Grand Duke and his ladies. Miss Ethel Levey, with her frocks, her cropped hair, and her fox-trotting, has her mission at a time of anxiety. The distinguished Russians in her audience were very grateful to her for the relaxation she afforded from the strain of serious news received that day from the Carpathians.



MARRIED TO MISS GLADYS HUGHES: CAPTAIN CECIL M. WILLS.

Captain Wills, who was married to Miss Gladys Hughes, of Weston-super-Mare, on May 5, was wounded in the war and returned home in March. He was awarded the Military Cross for services in the field during February.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Future Freedom. A tale—and let it be taken for nothing more—is being told of a dinner-party in the house of a great man who has banished wine from his table. Lord Rosebery and Lord Curzon were among the guests, and they, too, for the evening, were drinking nothing that could truthfully be called a drink. At the end of the meal, while the host's attention was diverted by the departure of the ladies, Lord Rosebery held aloft his glass and whispered a toast to Lord Curzon. "Der Tag" he said below his breath, and they both sipped their barley-water to the dawn of a new day.

Prince's Gate Babies.

Prince's Gate hardly knows it-



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT GUY SHAW-STEWART, COLDSTREAM GUARDS: MISS DIANA BULTEEL.

Miss Bulteel is the eldest daughter of Mr. George Bulteel, Brook Lodge, South Ascot. Lieutenant Guy Shaw-Stewart is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shaw-Stewart, of Hays, Shaftesbury.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

SKIRTING THE DIFFICULTY.



SHE: How do you like it, dearie?

HE: Well, pet, I suppose it's all right; but isn't it a bit long for a kilt?

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



WHO will be the lady? If nobody substantially outbids his offer of £10,000 for the Red Cross Sargent, Sir Hugh Lane must face the problem of nominating a sitter. Mr. Sargent, naturally, left the choice with the buyer, but the artist very clearly showed

a general preference when he stipulated that the picture would be large if a woman were the subject, and small in the case of a man. One's first thought is of the Queen of the Belgians; one's second, of the Empress Eugénie and the marvellous study she would provide of picturesque old age. But unless Sir Hugh meant to present the picture to a public collection, it is unlikely that he would approach a public personage. If the canvas is to be retained as his private property, it must be of a private person. There lies the difficulty. His aunt, Lady Gregory, has already been painted by Sargent. How convenient if there were a Lady Lane!



SOCIETY IN HYDE PARK: MR. ANTHONY DREXEL; WITH A FRIEND.

Mr. Anthony Drexel is the well-known American millionaire, and is very popular in London Society.

Photograph by Topical.

Lady Tenterden's Triumph. Last week Lady Tenterden put her old talent for theatricals to good use, and nearly filled the large room at the Grafton Galleries with "paying guests" for a Red-Cross matinée. She was one of those clever people who, two or three years ago, used to make even *tableaux vivants* attractive; and though that precise form of ingenuity is at a discount, she can still contrive to combine charity and an afternoon performance in a picture gallery, with an uncomfortable and unflattering top-light, without making the audience too dispirited to remember that it is gathered together for good works and in all friendliness.

Sermons in Stones. The other day Miss Mary Garden saluted the somewhat grim countenance carved over the portals of the London Opera House—the countenance in stone of her old impresario and friend, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein. Miss Mary Garden laughed when she greeted it, as if she were quite disinclined to accept it as a lesson on the vanity of human wishes. We, in London, look upon it as Hammerstein, a failure; she regards it only as one

failure in a long career of substantial success. Both he and she can afford to smile. She herself knows something of the joys of speculation. When she was last in town she had just won £24,000 in Wall Street.

Miss Garden.

How great would have been Miss Garden's name in London, if Mr. Hammerstein and his opera and all the machinery of American advertisement had been successfully established in London during the time of her visit! As it is, she is recognised as a very charming and extraordinarily well-dressed visitor from the States who has used her voice in the cause of the American Women's Ambulance, and who has been smiled upon by Queen Alexandra. She does not look, in private, at all like the lady whom Mr. Hammerstein would have posted on every hoarding in London.

Keeping the Balance.

Another interesting Oratory wedding is due on June 4, when Commander Rideout, of H.M.S. *Ganges*, marries Miss Margaret Cayley. Miss Cayley is a daughter of Sir Everard and Lady Mary Cayley, and the Commander is a son of a well-known soldier, and has himself seen active service on three occasions. The Oratory, despite the long obituary notices that get posted near the entrance, had little or no falling off in the number of May weddings.

Lady Headfort. Before her marriage, Lady Headfort rejoiced in a

name that even Sir James Barrie, a master of happy discoveries and adaptations—witness *Smee* and *Starkey*, and his latest heroine—could not have bettered. Correct American friends called her *Rosalie*, but the more familiar form was too good to be wasted on the family, and she appeared in public as *Miss Rosie Boote*. What could be more redolent of *Gaiety*? Mrs. Boote may, perhaps, suspect that she, for her part, sounds a little ordinary as to name, which, in fact, is far from being the case, but her daughter's name has quite a *Gaby* kick in it.

The Sitter of the Year.

Since her marriage, Lady Headfort has hunted with the Meath Hounds, had her spill, played *Lady Teazle* in private theatricals, and has done all the other things expected of an Irish Peeress. But she had the good sense not to go to some dull and ancient Academician for a portrait. In the Orpen picture she is the sitter of the year, distinguished, dignified, and charming.

The Importance of Being Sir Ernest.

The discovery that Sir Ernest Cassel was in Mr. Bouchier's mind when that actor decided on his make-up for "The Right to Kill" may not be very wide of the mark. Sir Ernest betrayed no self-consciousness while he watched the play, but Mr. Bouchier or any other good student of Sir Ernest's bearing would tell you that inscrutability is an essential part of it. Sir Ernest suggests Constantinople. A few years ago he stayed there for some time while busy with a Turkish loan, and he has a good share of the cosmopolitan manner of which the Turk is a past-master.



SOCIETY IN HYDE PARK: LADY CAREW.

Lady Carew is the wife of the third Baron, to whom she was married in 1888. She is the daughter of the late Albert Arthur Erin Lethbridge, third son of the fourth Baronet, Sir Wroth Acland Lethbridge, who died in 1902.

Photograph by Topical.



SOCIETY IN HYDE PARK: VISCOUNTESS DEERPURTH AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

Lady Deerpurth is the wife of Viscount Deerpurth, eldest son of the Earl of Coventry. The Hon. Helena Blanche Coventry (on right) is her elder daughter, born in 1875, and her younger daughter, the Hon. Peggy Virginia Coventry, was born in 1897.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Territorialisms.



HOW YOU FEEL—II. WHEN ON SENTRY DUTY BY NIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

DRAWN BY STAN. TERRY.



THE FORFEIT.

By "BARTIMEUS."

I.

THE sun was sinking low behind the peach-trees when workers from the rice-fields came straggling back to the village. By twos and threes they came, toil-stained women and boys, with here and there an old, gnarled man, their shadows long on the road before them.

Tani, maker of sandals, looked up from his work as each one came abreast his shop, responding gravely to the low-voiced, musical greetings. But after the last worker had passed, his eyes, shaded beneath the palm of his hand, still sought the road beyond the village in patient expectancy.

Presently he heard the distant click of clogs, and a little figure came in sight. Her cotton kimono was looped to the knees, the mud of the paddy-fields still clung to her slender brown limbs. She drew near.

"Greeting, Su Su O!"

"Greeting, Tani!" The girl paused before the shop, with quaint genuflection and the gentle hiss of indrawn breath that in Japan is a curtesy. The sandal-maker sat back on his heels.

"Tired, Su Su O?"

"Very," replied the girl. She moved the heavy, mud-caked hoe from her shoulder and leaned on the haft, looking down at him with a little smile. Her mouth, with its geranium-scarlet lips, drooped wearily at the corners when in repose: her whole attitude betrayed fatigue.

The man frowned. "It is not well, Su Su O, that you should do coolie work. You are not of coolie stock, nor yet of coolie strength. Su Su O, hearken yet again! Be my wife! Come and live with me here, and let me labour for us both! I need you so, little Flower. I want you for my wife . . . not to see you only at sunrise and dusk, passing my dwelling by."

The sun set swiftly; swiftly the purple night swept up over rice-field and cherry-orchard. Here and there along the village street a coloured lantern glowed suddenly out of the darkness; through the frail oiled-paper walls of the cottages drifted the voices of children and the tinkle of a *samisen*. The sandal-maker stood up and took the girl's hand in his.

"I am lonely without you, Su Su O," he pleaded.

Her lip quivered. "I too am lonely, Tani; but I am a beggar—a coolie girl without father or mother. I cannot marry you: I have no dowry. I can bring nothing to the wedding—save myself, in rags. It would bring disgrace upon us."

In vain he pleaded, all the poetic imagery of the Asiatic upon his tongue. In vain he scoffed at convention—that terrible, inexorable convention of the East; still the dainty head shook in plaintive negation. Some unknown strain in her blood set honour before love, bowed to the decrees that had ruled her unknown forebears. At length, as if fearing that her resolution might weaken from sheer physical weariness—and she loved very dearly too—she turned towards the village.

"I must go, Tani. It is of no avail. . . . Nay, entreat me not further. . . . Nay, Tani, I am so tired. . . ."

The sandal-maker stepped back among his wares. Punctiliously they went through the little ceremony of genuflection and gesture. Click-click went the clogs up the narrow street, and among the shadows the sandal-maker stood with head bent, as if listening, long after the sound had died away.

That evening a Traveller came to the village, a little wizened man, clad somewhat incongruously in a grey silk kimono, a bowler hat, and elastic-sided boots. Rumour whispered that he was the owner of a fashionable *cha-ya* (tea-shop) in Tokyo, renowned for the beauty of its Geishas. Gossip spreading quickly from door to door

supplemented this as the night wore on. The honourable stranger was touring the country on the look-out for pretty girls. He paid well, they said, and his establishment was much frequented by Europeans, who, as all the world knows, part freely with the *sen*. Here was a chance for a girl with looks!

The old gentleman was sipping saki in the guest-room of the village inn when Su Su O was announced. His keen old eyes noted with appreciation the lines of the childish figure as she bowed her forehead to the matting. But when she raised herself to her knees, and faced him with downcast eyes, he pursed up his mouth as if contemplating a whistle. Had he been a European he probably would have whistled, but this is not an art practised among owners of *cha-ya*. Otherwise his face was expressionless.

"Who is your mother?" he inquired, breaking the silence.

"She is dead, most honourable one. A peasant woman. I reside at the house of Matsu the charcoal-burner and his wife."

"And your father?"

"I do not know, O honourable one."

"Ah!" said her interlocutor, as if something had been explained that he did not understand. Peasants do not beget daughters with hair like Su Su O's, nor with ears like tiny pink shells, nor yet slender wrists and fingers. "And you wish to be a Geisha?"

Su Su O prostrated herself in silent acquiescence.

"I will take you on condition that you remain with me three years." The heart of Su Su O sank. Would Tani wait three years? "And I will pay you"—he named what was to the girl a considerable sum. That clinched it: with a dowry like this she could marry Tani over and over again. Yet her fingers trembled as she painted her signature to the indentures, and her heart was sick at the thought of the parting. Even "passing his dwelling by" was better than never seeing it at all. But she left for Tokyo the next day, and a few moments were all that she had for saying good-bye.

"Oh, but you *will* wait?" she pleaded. "It will soon pass, the three years, and I will come back rich, and—marry you, Tani."

Tani's reply, in flowery Japanese, was to the effect that he would wait a hundred million years if necessary.

Her life in the Tokyo tea-house was no worse than that led by the thousands of other Geishas in the great straggling city. In some respects it was better, because European tourists of many nationalities frequented the establishment, and her beauty was such as to appeal not only to Japanese ideas, but Western as well. For one thing, her cheek-bones were not accentuated; and her mouth, scarlet-lipped and tremulous at times with laughter, you would have thought adorable whatever part of the world you hailed from. Also there was something very bewitching about her plaintive love-ditties (even if you couldn't understand them), which she sang in a minor key to guitar accompaniment through her inconsiderable nose.

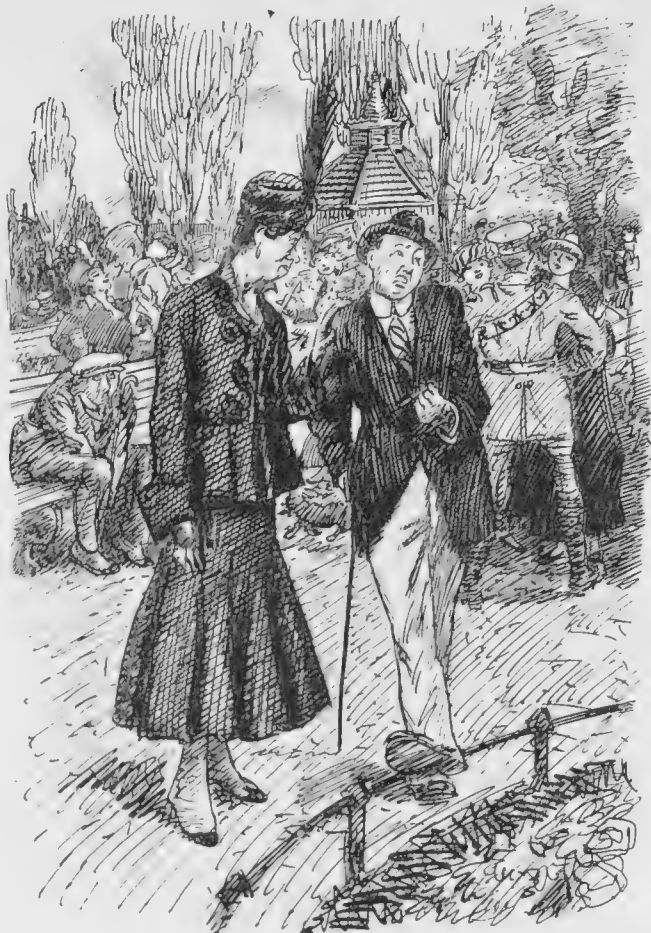
One day there came to the house a German officer on leave from Tsingtau. He was a big, bearded youth with blue eyes, and—this was a ceaseless wonder and delight to the Geishas—the centre of his front upper row of teeth was crowned with a diamond.

Attracted by the glitter in his mouth, and inured to the oafish attentions of European customers, she suffered him to put his arm round her. Without further warning, he lowered his bearded face and kissed her on the lips.

To the Japanese mind the act was an indignity—worse, indecent. With a deft wriggle she twisted an arm free and struck him in the face, her eyes blazing. The big man laughed uproariously,

(Continued overleaf.)

THREE OF THEM.



THE ELDERLY "FLAPPER": Now, I don't at all 'old with the way some of us girls are cutting every young man that's not in khaki

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



THE LADY: A great, strong man like you. I wonder you are not ashamed to stand there when you ought to have enlisted.

THE CADGER: Well, lidy, someone's got ter stay and make the süver bullits.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



HIS SON: Dad, what is a publicist?

FATHER: Soft "c," my son. Well, a publicist is a man who makes a thundering good living handing out to the public the sort of flapdoodle the average fellow can't even get his wife to stick.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

imprisoned her arm, and kissed her again and again, while she quivered helplessly. Released at length, she faced him like a tiger-cat.

"Swine!" she cried. "Son of a foreign swine!"—and struck the piece of gold that he extended towards her out of his hand.

II.

The railway terminus at Tokyo was gay with bunting and thronged by a great crowd of people. A brass band somewhere out of sight broke into crashing martial music. "*Banzai!*" roared the khaki-clad figures in the closely packed carriages, and in response the women and children waved little hand-flags that bore the national emblem on a white ground.

Japan had declared war on Germany, and the occasion was the departure of a Reserve Division which was shortly to operate against the German fortress of Tsingtau. The windows of the carriages were blocked by grim, fighting faces: men from the North. Among them was Tani, sometime maker of sandals; and on the platform beneath his window, like a painted butterfly hovering round the cannon's mouth, stood Su Su O, eyes suspiciously bright.

"Return if the gods will it!" she whispered, echoing the murmured farewells of mothers, wives, and lovers. The grim memories of ten years ago still lingered. The vaulted roof of the terminus had echoed so many farewells; so few who parted amid the roars of "*Banzai!*" had greeted one another again. "If the gods will," said the women now, and the younger men still shouted "*Banzai!*" in reply. But at the last, as the long train steamed slowly out of the station, the finite human heart held sway. The oft-repeated "*Banzai!*" changed to "*Sai-onara! Sai-i-onara!*"—the saddest, most plaintive-sounding farewell yet fashioned by the human tongue.

A month later found Tani leading a moist and somewhat precarious existence in a trench before Tsingtau. His recollection of the siege since he took part in it had been a series of blurred impressions, mud being predominant throughout. It had seemed an eternity of mud, of ceaseless rifle and artillery fire, of being soaked to the skin, of cold, hunger, and fatigue. Once or twice there had been moments of ferocious hand-to-hand fighting. They were good moments; those; and as he sat in the bottom of a trench cleaning the bolt of his rifle with a piece of oily rag, his thoughts recurred to them with a certain grim enjoyment.

By clearing away the earth at the top of the trench he was able to catch an occasional glimpse of his surroundings. An amphitheatre of barren hills, with the gleam of the sea in the far distance; a small, slow-moving speck upon it that was a Japanese or Allied war-ship shelling the fortress. Elsewhere, as far as he could see, the ground was scarred by bursting shell, and herring-boned by wire entanglements. Ahead, where the picnic shells were pitching, a yellow cloud hung low, as the mists sometimes cling to the slopes of Fujiyama. There were intermittent points of jagged fire beneath the cloud: shrapnel bursting about the German redoubts.

It all represented to Tani a certain amount of up-hill ground to be covered under fire: how soon he did not know, but the rest was familiar enough. The inferno of shell-fire that was bursting ahead would redouble till the mere contemplation of it almost stunned the senses. Then the order rippled along to advance: you leaped out of your trench and ran as well as you could across the debris of the last attack and the chaos of barbed wire till the next trench was reached. Sometimes you just dropped into it and panted; sometimes you met other men there, fierce, blue-eyed men who had to be bayoneted. Bullets would shriek and whimper overhead, or hit something with a sullen "*Zip!*" Men grunted and seemed to fall asleep, or rolled over and lay twitching in a novel and rather ludicrous fashion. And there was the ceaseless rain, the smell of cordite smoke, the bewildering roar of the howitzers.

That was War, as understood by Tani, sometime maker of sandals.

Early one morning a flask of raw saki was passed along the advanced trench. Tani drank deep and tightened his belt, for he was hungry; the spirit ran through his veins like fire. "It is the end," said the man next to him, a battle-scarred veteran of Nogi's Army, with a queer note of exultation in his voice. There was a sudden lull in the firing. Whistles sounded shrilly.

An officer near Tani who had been divesting himself of his overcoat leapt to his feet with a shout. With an answering roar the

trenches seemed to vomit wave upon wave of steel and yellow-faced, khaki-clad figures. They swept forward, stabbing and cheering, hewing their way through the wire entanglement in the face of a tempest of bullets, leaving their dead dangling as they fell.

Tani reached a line of sandbags at the crest of a rise unhurt, and drove his bayonet into the chest of a German who was clubbing his rifle. He heard the breast-bone crunch as the steel went home to the muzzle of the rifle. The German fell sideways, twisting the weapon out of Tani's grip with his weight. Then Tani saw a bearded officer, the haft of a broken sword dangling from a leather thong at his wrist, struggling to reload his revolver.

As a mongoose jumps for a snake the Japanese leapt at the German's throat. They fell together in the bottom of the trench, and for a moment they fought with their hands, in the welter of mud and water, trampled on by other combatants, breathing in short, savage gasps. Then Tani got the "neck-lock" he had been struggling for. Something snapped with a sound like a dry twig breaking, and the German's head dropped back. Tani sat up, spitting and wiping the mud out of his eyes. His adversary was dead, and lay staring up at the grey sky as if amazed. The bearded lips were drawn back, showing his teeth; one of these sparkled curiously. Save for the dead and wounded, the trench was deserted: the assault had swept forward. Above them was a sound of great cheering. Someone was wedging a colour-staff between the sandbags; the emblem of the Rising Sun, tattered and stained, stirred in the morning breeze. Tsingtau had fallen.

Tani leaned over to examine more closely the phenomenon in the dead man's mouth. Then he emitted an interested grunt. The centre tooth of the German's upper jaw was crowned with a diamond.

III.

Tani, maker of sandals, leaned over the parapet of the little cedar-wood bridge that spanned an artificial lake in the temple grounds. Every now and again the moon's placid reflection on the water broke into widening ripples as a carp rose. In the stillness the sound of its feeding was audible—a tiny "*gluck!*" as if a greedy child were smacking its lips. It was late spring, the season of the cherry-blossom, and the light airs of evening came in puffs across the water, laden with faint fragrance. The doors of the temple stood open: inside, a lamp burned dully before the altar.

After a while the man took from his pocket a little pouch of oiled silk and emptied the contents into his palm. There was some dusty tobacco, two or three matches, and a small object that caught the light as he moved his hand. This he retained, and put the pouch and the rest of its contents back into his pocket.

"Click-click, click-click!" Light, metal-shod sandals were approaching from the direction of the village. A form fluttered towards him out of the darkness like a soft grey moth.

"Have you waited long, Tani?"

"So long, Su Su O, that the night had grown into Eternity, and the sound of my sighing checked the very lamentation of the frogs!"

She laughed in her delicious gurgling way, and pressed her face against his sleeve. He slipped one hand beneath her chin, raising the flawless oval face to the full light of the moon.

"Thou art very beautiful," he said, half below his breath. "A thousand men assuredly have loved thee since we bade farewell."

Su Su O sighed. "But none have laid a finger on me in love, Tani—save one, and him I struck."

The man smiled a little, and then his face grew grave. He fretted with the sling which supported his left arm. "What manner of man was he, this love-besotted fool?"

"A German, Tani; a man of great stature, bearded, with a jewel set in the centre tooth of his upper jaw."

Tani released her chin. "A diamond, belike, Little Flower?"

She nodded assent. "And by force he kissed me—upon the mouth."

"Ah!" For a moment the sandal-maker stared across the water, his eyes narrowed into slits, his face inscrutable. Then, with a sudden jerk of the wrist, he sent something spinning through the air—something that glittered like a point of flame in the moonlight. It fell with a splash, scaring the lazy carp that lay just beneath the surface.

"He has paid his forfeit," said Tani grimly.

All uncomprehending, Su Su O nestled against him and slipped her slender hand into his. Together they turned towards the temple.

THE END.



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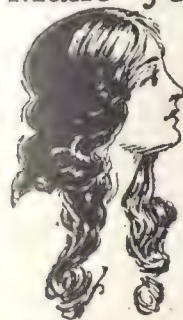
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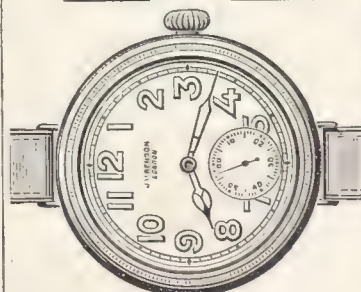
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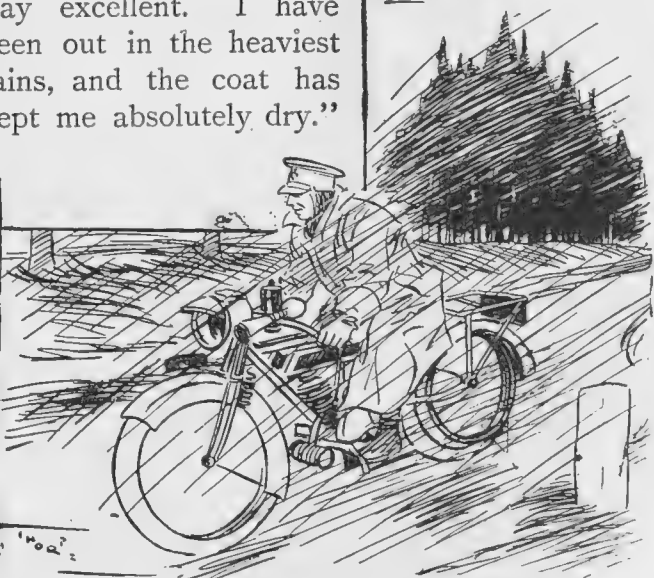
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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Can You Paint War?

There is an abundance of war-pictures about, both at Burlington House, the Leicester Galleries, and other places. The best of these are those which treat of the wounded, and Mr. John Lavery's fine canvas at the Royal Academy, called "Wounded: London Hospital," easily carries off the palm. Very impressive and grim, too, is the same Academician's small picture of the guns of the Honourable Artillery Company drawn up, for instant departure to the war, in the great dim hall of the Company. Touching, too, though of minor importance as artistic achievements, is a canvas depicting a bishop administering the Sacrament to kneeling soldiers in khaki, just behind the firing-line, and another called "Mass for Wounded English Soldiers in an English Country House." These scenes are freshly observed, but what are we to say of the battle-charges and turbulent horses, executed in the dear old manner, and familiar to us for a hundred years, and which at best were good enough for the old-fashioned papers—in which, I hasten to add, such "fancy subjects" no longer appear! The impression we gather is that it is difficult to paint, realistically, the din and horror of a modern

battle; and that War must be treated synthetically, and its various aspects suggested to the mind rather than, brutally, to the eye. The aeroplane—fascinating bird—seems especially to tempt the painter and achieve his discomfiture, for how can paint, even aided by imagination, convey all the audacious beauty of a daring flight through the ether, amid bursting shells? This new and wonderful thing baffles both pen and paint. It is because of their qualities of imagination and daring that the French and the English have already beaten the Germans, so to speak, out of the heavens.

Sentimentality and Cruelty.

There is not a penny to choose between the different German "tribes" as regards barbarity in this war; and I hear from "somewhere in Northern France" that the Saxons alone show signs of decency and comradeship towards England. I have long been impressed with the idea that Sentimentality and Cruelty are closely allied, for both are signs of a lack of mental equilibrium. The Germans are, as a nation, the most sentimental race to-day, and it is precisely these Sentimentalists at home who spit on and kick our wounded officers and men once they are in their power. A people who get delirious when the Rhine is mentioned, are for ever singing a song called "Deutschland über Alles," and who are acutely un-

happy if they are deprived of a tinsel-trimmed Christmas-tree or a sufficient supply of sausages, are not the men and women—whatever they may think now, in the opening stages of the Great War—to have the necessary coolness, patience, and fortitude to win in the end. Sentimentality, as practised by the Germans, almost approaches hysteria. They are not quietly pleased with themselves, as are Imperial Britons, but must needs bawl their virtues and their prowess in the market-places of the world—in some of which, notably in the United States, this self-laudation has fallen on somewhat indifferent ears. There are few civilised people now who can be appealed to by Teutonic Sentimentality; the cruelty practised by these barbarians has wiped out all sympathy with their cause. And it is precisely because we are not, as a nation, sentimental that we are able to treat our prisoners with humanity and kindness.

The New France.

No one who cares for French literature can have failed to notice that of recent years the *chefs-d'œuvre* have been rare; even M. Anatole France has lost his gentle irony and become ferocious and rather futile, while the one book which has made a marked impression on some of us has been M. Maurice Barrès' "La Colline Inspirée"—a study of religion, if you please, in modern France! Not that M. Barrès is a professing Catholic—far from it—yet he is possessed by the mystical ideas current to-day, and his mountain in Lorraine is but a symbol of the eternal questioning of man. The Abbé Dimnet, in his solid book on the new France, thinks that, for the present, the day of the great writer is past. "The literary Colossus of the Hugo, Michelet, or Balzac type who towered above the Nineteenth Century . . . would be impossible," says the author of "France Herself Again"; "if his place is to be filled, it will be by a new Napoleon and not by a new writer." This was written before the war. Let us hope the author's prediction will be fulfilled. We want men of action, not of phrases, just now.

The Question of the Hour.

It is decidedly modish now to be one of those who look not upon the wine when it is red, so that "explosive drinks" such as ginger-ale are much in request, and luncheon and dinner-tables in London resemble those of the more old-fashioned American millionaire. This sudden renunciation of all forms of alcohol, even the mildest, is partly patriotism, partly snobbishness, and partly timidity, for few people have the courage, like Lord Hugh Cecil, to declare publicly that they do not intend to be abstainers. Public opinion is a very real force in England, and if the stamp of Fashion is given to a movement, must not all Suburbia follow when Buckingham Palace and Belgravia lead the way? Unfortunately, the suburbs—which do not make ammunition or build ships—are more inclined to follow the King, Lord Kitchener, and Mr. Lloyd George in this matter than are the riveters on the Clyde. A mere woman, handling such a serious matter, would probably shut all public-houses till one in the day, except for the sale of coffee, cocoa, bovril, and the like, for decent-living people do not need stimulants in the morning, however hard they may work. The whole affair, of course, bristles with difficulty; but doubling the price of the average citizen's bottle of thin French claret hardly seems to be a remedy for a great evil among the artisan class.



A GAIETY FASHION: MRS. CARRAWAY'S DRESS IN ACT I, SCENE I OF "TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT."

The dress is of lily-leaf-green charmeuse with tunic and sleeves of the same colour, with a white camellia tucked into the waist. The shoes and stockings are carried out in the same coloured green.



A GAIETY FASHION: THE MAID'S DRESS IN ACT II, SCENE I OF "TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT."

The dress is of white tulle with bands of hedge-sparrow blue, and the bodice is encircled with twisted hyacinth-blue ribbon finished with a small rose-bud at the left side.

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THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

A Queenly Administrator.

Those who entrust sums of money for war relief work to the Queen are sure that it will be tactfully and wisely administered. Her Majesty's own gift to the fund for help to professional classes was £500. Last week the Queen sent £200 to Miss M. F. Billington, President of the Society of Women Journalists, to be used for those who had lost their work and were consequently impoverished. This was part of a sum sent to the Queen by the wives of Freemasons, to be used at her Majesty's discretion. From many sources reliable reports reach this queenly administrator of quarters where distress is very real and appeal intensely difficult. These are the cases that are really the most heartrending, because there are appearances to keep up—and oh, how precious are appearances!

Flowing Skirts.

They look very well, these full skirts, when well cut and worn over a clinging underskirt, as, so far, most Englishwomen wear them. The other day I saw the first cheap version of the newest fashion. It was a coat and skirt of a



IN THE EXHIBITION AT 112, REGENT STREET: THE TROPHIES OF THE 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS (CARABINIERS) AND THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT.

Princess Christian opened the Loan Exhibition of regimental plate in aid of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John, at the show-rooms of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company. Trophies belonging to some of the most famous regiments of the British Army are in the collection, lent by Lady Roberts, Sir Evelyn Wood, Lord Curzon, and others. The 6th Dragoon Guards, whose mess-table centrepiece we show here, are the famous Carabiniers, one of the oldest regiments, going back to Blenheim days, and earlier still. The 12th is the former number of the Suffolk Regiment, a corps even older, and one of the regiments that defended Gibraltar in the Great Siege. Their trophy shows the uniforms of 1685, 1759, 1799, and 1893.

material that would have liked to be thought summer tweed. The skirt left off at the top of long boots; it was clumsily pleated round a thick waist into a wide waistband. The coat was short and practically shapeless—a square garment with sleeves at each corner. The colour was a violent purple; the boots, quite aggressively new, had white uppers; a purple hat was worn, with two long, truculent-looking yellow quills at acute angles from their base. To a smart woman I pointed out this manifestation of the latest mode. She surveyed it sadly, and said, "There are people who almost drive one to birthday suits and woad!"

Veils and Wails.

The background of a filmy veil, together with the softness of the fore portion of it over the face, makes the fashion of long veils pendent down the back rather popular. It is, what only a few fashions are, generally becoming. Too generally has it been adopted, and in churches and places where people sit close together it leads to feelings certainly not appropriate to sacred buildings. Up gets a woman, and is sharply jerked down again, her hat all to one side—her neighbour was on her veil! Bending forward suddenly is another risky performance, for one may be securely seated on one's own veil! Possibly the most disconcerting contretemps is when two women put their heads together for a special confidence, and the veil of one is spitted on the hat-pin of the other. The retreat from that entanglement causes remarks more forcible than confidential.

Fresh and Fair.

In these strenuous times women have to put the best face on affairs. It is a thing our sex loves to do, and Mme. Eleanor, who has made such a success at her charming salons, 17, Hanover Square, enables us to do it. Her preparations are invaluable, not only to smooth away the ravages of anxiety, but to defeat the machinations of the east winds, which have been very malevolent of late, especially to fine skins. Lavine

skin food will restore and preserve lustre, and make and keep the complexion absolutely fresh. It is the necessity for the first step in home treatment, and is, Mme. Eleanor considers, one of the best results of her many years' study as a complexion specialist. Lavine bleaching cream is a specialty which is effective when the skin has become discoloured through exposure. It has a remarkable influence in whitening and smoothing, and is indispensable for throats made red and rough from wearing open collars this trying weather, also for the hands and face. Lavine Special Blackhead Cure will be a real boon to those whose skins are moist and open-pored; its action is quick, and, with continued use, permanent. Sufferers from blackheads will be grateful for it. Mme.

Eleanor gives the closest attention to her consultants, and makes a success of all her cases. The Lavine and Dalena preparations are widely known and keenly appreciated. They are delightful to use, of the finest quality, scientifically compounded, and effectual.

A Timely Exhibition.

Closely connected with the glories of war, which go to discount its horrors and to hearten us and make us proud even in this time of our trial, is the plate of our regiments. A brilliant idea, with whomever it arose, was that of an exhibition of such trophies; and a sympathetic and popular scheme is to give the proceeds to the British Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Associations. That the affair has been organised and the plate collected by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company argues that it is of the most interesting description. The exhibition opened on Monday and will go on until Saturday, at the fine salons, 112, Regent Street. A collection will be made from visitors, for the care of our sick and wounded, by members of the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance organisations in uniform, and a beautiful souvenir will be sold. It has been produced by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, who give the entire proceeds to the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance. A most interesting preface to it is by the Hon. John Fortescue. There are page photogravure illustrations of famous pieces (officers at the front will be intensely interested in them), and the frontispiece is a fine reproduction of the statue of Armed Peace presented to Lord Roberts.

Among those who have loaned plate, in addition to regiments, are the Duke of Wellington, Earl Curzon, and Countess Roberts.



APPEARING IN "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER": MISS IRENE HENTSCHEL.

Miss Irene Hentschel, who is taking the rôle of Irma Potash, the Second Partner's child, in Mr. Montague Glass's highly successful play at the Queen's Theatre, "Potash and Perlmutter" (now approaching its 500th performance), is a daughter of Mr. Carl Hentschel, of the City Corporation, widely known as the inventor of the Hentschel Colour-Type Process, as a pioneer in up-to-date artistic reproduction work, and, in lighter vein, as a Past-President of the O.P. and Playgoers' Clubs.

Photograph by Mabel Robey.



IN PLACE OF FAMILY PRAYERS! MR. FRANK REYNOLDS' FAMOUS "PUNCH" PICTURE.

This is the celebrated and keenly satirical "Punch" picture, by Frank Reynolds, R.I., "Study of a Prussian Household having its Morning Hate," which has been reproduced in colour for sale at a shilling. "The artist," says a correspondent at the front, "who drew for 'Punch' the sketch of the German family indulging in its morning hate against England would feel that his labours were amply repaid if he knew how much his clever satire was appreciated at General Headquarters."

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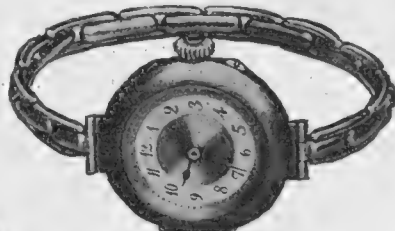


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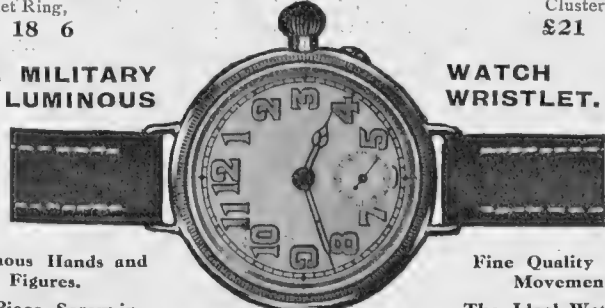
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GENTLEMEN OF THE ROAD—NEW STYLE: SPEED, AND RESTRAINT.

Bad Form.

Ever since motoring began in this country it has been regarded as a cardinal offence for one driver to pass another when going downhill. In public competitions, of course, there has always been an express proviso against this species of unwisdom, but in general practice, also, it has been accounted as essentially bad form. There is another kind of offence against good manners, however, which is too frequently in evidence, and that is the practice of passing another car within a town or village street. The driver of the car in front has slowed down purely out of motives of consideration, only to hear the rasp of a blatant horn and to find another and slower car rushing by him for the mere sake of passing. The futility of behaviour of this sort is shown immediately after the buildings have been left behind, for the first car resumes its position without difficulty, and the driver of the second might just as well have stayed behind; instead of which he has probably endangered the safety of the users of the street, and in any case given motorists a bad name.

True Consideration.

Present-day drivers, in fact, might almost be divided into two main classes—the considerate and the inconsiderate. The number of the former, I am happy to say, is now overwhelming, as anyone may see for himself who will take his stand on a main road any Saturday or Sunday and watch the cars go by—presuming, of course, that he knows anything about engine-power. As a typical example I may mention an experience of my own a few days ago. In the village of Ewell I came up to a car which attracted my attention, in the first instance, from the fact that its registration number differed by only two figures from my own. I then saw that it was a well-known high-powered vehicle, and expected to see the last of it as soon as we had cleared the village, for it had six cylinders of 114 mm. by 121 mm., whilst I could only boast a four-cylinder engine of the modest dimensions of 69 mm. by 130 mm. I soon found, however, that its owner-driver was in no sense "out for blood," and he moved so steadily along that I was still behind him at Epsom, where, again, he displayed the utmost consideration in passing through. The hills beyond, I then thought, would settle the matter; but still he maintained his even course, and we entered Leatherhead together. There I found that he was still bound in the same direction as myself, and, as a matter of fact, we did not part company until Dorking was reached, and at the end of the town he turned for Holmwood, while I went off to Guildford.

Driving with Restraint.

Now, any practical motorist will know that the 50-h.p. car, if its driver had so willed, could have made rings round mine, whereas he displayed so much restraint and consideration for others that at several points I could have passed him had I chosen to emulate the tactics of the hustler. Motoring traffic is now reduced to pretty much the same pace—within thirty miles of London at all events. On any average journey from London to, say, Guildford, I am rarely passed by a bigger car; whatever overtaking does occur is almost invariably effected by a driver who takes advantage of my having slowed down from considerate motives; and more often than not he is driving something slower than my own car. If a powerful vehicle does pass me, it is not done on the open road, where speed tells, but at a time when speed does not enter into the question at all, but merely that of consideration or the reverse. For every car, in short, that passes one nowadays one meets fifty, and this shows clearly enough that motorists are not out for speed to a tithe of the degree with which they are often credited by the public. Out in the open country, at the right time and place, the faster car has a perfect right to pass the slower; but even then this right is not exercised with anything like the frequency displayed by the inconsiderate minority, who pass in congested areas, whatever type of car they are driving, simply because their ideas of consideration fall short of the requirements of the case.

Overhead Valves.

Motors fitted with overhead valves are so generally regarded as the most efficient form that can be devised that they are almost invariably employed on cars that are specially built for big races. For ordinary touring-cars, however, they are seldom used, for one reason or another—chiefly, perhaps, because they are more difficult to make absolutely noiseless. The Buick car is one of the exceptions to the rule, and its manufacturers have just issued a very telling brochure in which they point out, by word and picture, that the engineering principle of a siege-gun and the Buick "valve-in-head" motor is the same. In one case the powder is exploded directly behind the projectile, and in the other the petrol-vapour is exploded directly behind



WIFE OF A BRITISH AIRMAN WHO GAVE HIS LIFE IN ONE OF THE MOST HEROIC EPISODES OF THE WAR: MRS. WILLIAM RHODES-MOORHOUSE.

In a recent "Eye-Witness" account it was written, under the date April 30: "Splendid work has been done during the past few days by our airmen. . . . On the 26th they bombarded the stations of Staden, Thielt, Courtrai, Roubaix, and other places. . . . The raid on Courtrai, unfortunately, cost the nation a very gallant life, but it will live as one of the most heroic episodes of the war. The airman started on the enterprise alone in a biplane. On arrival at Courtrai he glided down to a height of 300 feet, and dropped a large bomb on the railway junction. While he did this, he was the target of hundreds of rifles, of machine-guns, and of anti-aircraft armament, and was severely wounded in the thigh. Though he might have saved his life by at once coming down in the enemy's lines, he decided to save his machine at all costs, and make for the British lines. Descending to a height of only 100 feet in order to increase his speed, he continued to fly and was again wounded, this time mortally. He still flew on, however, and without coming down at the nearest of our aerodromes, went all the way back to his own base, where he executed a perfect landing and made his report. He died in hospital not long afterwards." It is evident that this refers to Second-Lieutenant William Barnard Rhodes-Moorhouse, Royal Flying Corps, who was only twenty-seven.—[Photograph by Val V'Estrange.]

the piston. This method is effectively contrasted, by means of coloured illustrations, with the "L" and "T" types of motor respectively, in which the gas explodes in a valve-chamber at one side, with a certain amount of loss of power, especially in the case of the latter with its two side-pockets.

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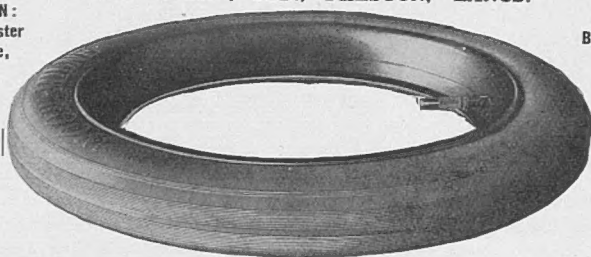
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE theatres manage to keep the critics busy. Since last week we have had two revivals (one of a French farce, the other a French melodrama), two new English comedies, a new Anglo-French melodrama, a new Anglo-French comedy, and an experimental matinée. Presumably, "The Right to Kill," at His Majesty's, was the most important event from a journalistic point of view, though in itself it is a little thing which reminded me of the phrase "nor wants that little long." It was very long. Three laborious acts to lead up to the situation advertised by the title, where the quixotic lover, partly in self-defence, kills a husband who has just extorted a confession of adultery from the heroine. A strictly truthful confession, it must be added, for the lady with whom we were supposed to sympathise did not find sufficient comfort in the society of her jolly little son when she was ill-treated by her husband, but took a smug, smiling Balkan Prince as a lover, and also flirted with the virtuous French officer, whose attitude reminded me of Gautier's cruel phrase in a famous preface concerning "la vertu des Capitaines de Dragon." The whole play is very rich in lack of sense of humour. We understood from the gorgeously indiscreet preliminary newspaper articles that "The Right to Kill" was a problem play which raised a nice question of casuistry and appealed to our intellectual side. But all that is merely Sir Herbert's fun, and we had a rather lurid melodrama told in quite incredible language, which, despite its strong cast and very pretty setting, requires a lot of cutting. And a readjustment of the third act would be useful. The unsuccessful,

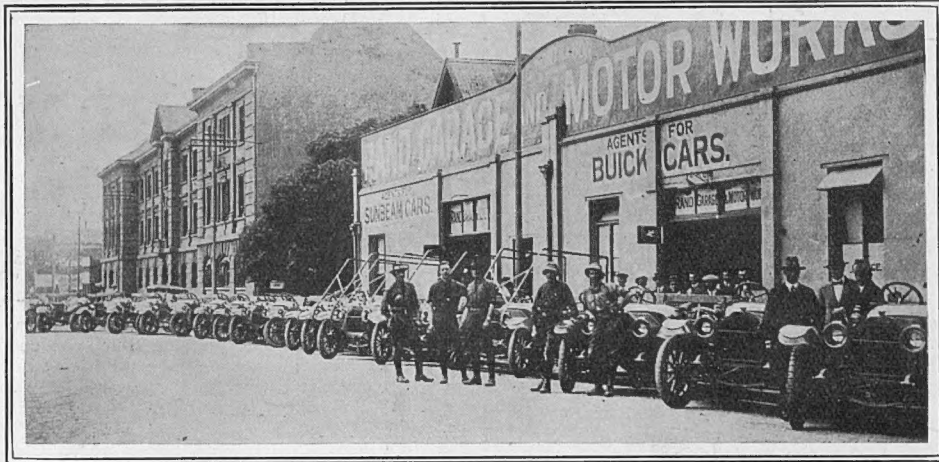
chivalrous lover is hiding in the lady's bedroom whilst she is toying on a couch with his successful rival; his hiding-place is on some steps with a kind of hood leading down through the floor to a gate. The spectacle of the actor popping up from time to time like a Jack-in-the-box was irresistibly comic. And yet Sir Herbert's look of anguish was maintained heroically. A dull, trying part for him, full of long speeches of devotion. I don't think any actor could have made him interesting. Miss Irene Vanbrugh strove desperately to be thrilling as the naughty lady, and played with a great deal of

power, if somewhat too explosively. Mr. Harcourt Williams acted very cleverly as the peculiarly vile young Prince. The humours of the play were in the hands of Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who was ingeniously amusing as an elderly Turk.

There was no "high-brow" business about the programme of the Liverpool Commonwealth players at the Kingsway Theatre, who presented a couple of pieces by Mr. Ronald Jeans, quite a clever dramatist with a way of his own. It is very well to speak of "The Kiss Cure" as a piece of modern *Marivaudage* (perhaps it is, though the author may

never have read the work of the famous French dramatist), but we can stand some more of this clever trifling. A little plot showing a *chassé-croisé* of four lovers makes a very agreeable entertainment if the characters are well drawn and well played and the dialogue is clever. All these conditions were fulfilled, so there was an almost constant ripple of laughter during the very light comedy. The two young leading ladies, Miss Estelle Winwood and Miss Ethel Smith, are nicely contrasted, and so bright and charming that I fancy some of the audience must have envied Mr. F. Cooper and Mr. William Armstrong their task of playing the lovers,

[Continued overleaf.]



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Study of a Prussian Household Having its Morning Hate.

By FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

Printed in Colour.

The more one looks at the picture, the more does its clever humour and its satire become apparent.



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Mr. G. Valentine Williams, the Special Correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, writing from General Headquarters of the British Army in the Field, France, on March 20, says—

"The latest Jokes about the War are lovingly dwelt on, and the artist who drew for *Punch* the sketch of the German Family indulging in its morning hate against England would feel that his labours were amply repaid if he knew how much his clever satire was appreciated at General Headquarters."

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Continued.

which they performed quite excellently in "The Kiss Cure." The comedietta "Pauline" was clever and entertaining, and Miss Madge McIntosh acted admirably in it.

The new farce at the Apollo, "Striking," by Miss Gladys Unger and Mr. Paul Rubens, is the old, old story of a good first act and the rest not so good. The first act is the meeting of Mr. Hawtrey, as Lord Marston from London, with Miss Hilda Trevelyan, as Miss Macrae from the Orkneys. Lord Marston is extraordinarily lazy and selfish—indeed, very like Mr. Hawtrey in "A Message from Mars"; Miss Trevelyan is very small, economical, and managing, and most delightfully Scotch. So we had a very pleasant half-hour while Mr. Hawtrey telephoned to London for an evening dress for Miss Trevelyan, her luggage having been lost on the way; and the contrast between the two was worked out neatly and with wit. The rest was in London, where everybody had struck and remained on strike, so that Mr. Hawtrey had to take charge of a watering-cart, and Miss Trevelyan's stout father—who was Mr. Eric Lewis—combined gardening with policeman'ship, and Miss Lottie Venne became the housekeeper, and Miss Trevelyan the cook, and so on. Which was pleasantly nonsensical and accompanied by gentle and fairly continuous laughter, but left the impression that the stock of ideas had run short. However, a light and clever entertainment is a thing which should not be received with ingratitude; and Mr. Hawtrey and Miss Trevelyan are delightful.

A matinée at the Haymarket last week in aid of the Naval Disasters Fund introduced to our notice "The Royal Way," by Miss Bertha Graham, which had won the first prize in a competition organised by the Dramatists' Section of the Lyceum Club. The chief impression left was that there could not have been a very strong field, for the winner was a simple little thing on quite conventional lines. Its scene—a small Balkan or Greek kingdom—was not promising. It is not easy to be original in such surroundings; and we had the familiar story of a State marriage which turns to love, combined with a thrilling plot against a young and gallant King. The only new point was that the lady herself had suggested the marriage, taking at the last moment the place of her young sister, who had eloped with the wrong man; but this was too sudden to be more than mildly interesting. However, Mr. Murray Carrington and Miss Marjorie Patterson played it for all that, and more than,

it was worth; and Miss Barbara Everest as the young sister and Miss Mary Jerrold as a half-hearted conspirator were both clever and amusing.

There have been so many new plays lately that we had almost forgotten the theory that only revivals will do, and when "Who's the Lady?" turned up at the Prince of Wales's it came almost as a surprise. It was also a surprise that it had not been revived before. Its proprieties—or improprieties—will no longer rouse discussion: all that now matters is whether it amuses. The company is not quite what it was, and the effect was felt in the first act; but things improved, and the players made a good show with it. Miss Marga Rubia-Lévy is now the musical-comedy lady who so upsets all the legal gentlemen, and she plays brightly; Mr. E. Dagnall is again the bewildered old provincial Judge; Mr. George Bealby plays the Minister of Justice with distinction; Miss Barbara Gott is clever as the ex-cook become the Judge's wife; and best of all is Mr. Fred Eastman as the humorous policeman. It was largely owing to him that the second and third acts went better than the first, and his excellent example seemed to encourage all the rest.

We are asked to mention that the Colchester Motor-Ambulance, of which we gave a photograph in our issue of Feb. 3, was paid for personally by Mr. R. Clarence Wormell, the total cost being £309, and that of this sum only £85 has so far been collected from public subscriptions. The ambulance is intended for the joint use of the wounded coming into the town and for local needs.

The City Equitable Fire Insurance Company, Ltd., has made steady progress since its formation, and fresh capital has become a necessity. The original capital was £50,000 in Ordinary shares, but an additional £200,000 of Participating 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each have now been created, these being entitled, in addition to the fixed dividend of 6 per cent., to one-fifth of the surplus profits distributed. The whole of the shares have already been subscribed privately. The Company will now be in a better position to cope with the business offered by English tariff fire insurance companies for the purpose of rearranging the contracts which they had in force with German and Austrian insurance and re-insurance companies.



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